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From the Westminster Review.

1. *A Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects; being a new and greatly improved edition of the "Grammar of Entomology."* By EDWARD NEWMAN, F. L. S., Z. S., &c. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.
2. *Popular British Entomology; containing a familiar and technical description of the Insects most common to the various localities of the British Isles.* By MARIA E. CATLOW. London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve, King William Street, Strand. 1848.

It is a well established fact, that the attention of observant minds has ever been more or less attracted to the wonders of the insect world from a very remote period. We meet with numerous references to insects in the most ancient records which have been preserved to us; and in the oldest of these the industry and foresight of certain insects, and the ravages of others, are specially brought under our notice. Nor is it difficult to account for this. The splendid hues of many insects, the remarkable forms of others, and the curious habits of all, are well calculated to excite the admiration even of those who know nothing of them scientifically; while the extensive injuries committed by associated bands of creatures, individually so insignificant, could scarcely fail to confer importance upon an enemy, against whose invasions the sufferers must have felt themselves to be altogether powerless.

The scientific study of insects may be traced back to a much earlier period on the continent than in our own country; but we very much doubt whether, even there, the same class of individuals were ever so devoted to the pursuit as, to their honor, they have long been among ourselves. Crabbe's "friend, the weaver," was no imaginary personage; nor is the poet's description of his hero's ardent pursuit of this "untaxed and undisputed game," by any means a mere creation of the fancy. The Spitalfields weavers and the Sheffield cutlers have long been noted for their enthusiasm in search of

Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies.

But their purpose in collecting these beautiful creatures, with a few honorable exceptions, seems to have been limited to the formation of pretty pictures by the arrangement of the gayly colored insects, according to the caprice or the taste of their captors.

The publication of Kirby and Spence's invaluable "Introduction to Entomology" gave a new direction to the study of insects, and taught their collectors that there was a far higher purpose to be attained than the mere admiration of elegant forms and gay colors. It showed beyond dispute that the ex-

ternal forms of these creatures are the least curious and least instructive sources of interest attaching to them; and the popular style of the work at once secured for it an elevated rank in scientific literature, which, notwithstanding sundry unavoidable minor errors of detail, it will ever retain. In consequence of the acknowledged merit of this work, we shall not hesitate to borrow from its valuable pages such illustrative passages as may tend to further the object we have in view—the vindication of the study of insects from the charge of being either a frivolous or an unprofitable mode of occupying time.

But although this admirable work did much towards diffusing a taste for the study of insect life, and consequently tended greatly to dispel much of the ignorance which had previously prevailed relative to numerous obscure points of insect economy, yet even at the present day it is by no means unusual to meet with persons, tolerably well informed upon other points, who would see nothing suspicious in the famous Virgilian recipe for the production at will of a swarm of bees from the carcass of a purposely slaughtered ox, or in Kircher's directions for breeding serpents; who can believe, with Hamlet, that "the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog;" that a horse-hair will turn to an eel; and that Aphides are the effect, and not the cause, of honey-dew.

The size and price of Kirby and Spence's volumes unfortunately placed them beyond the reach of general readers; they consequently remained sealed books to precisely that class who would the most gladly have availed themselves of the valuable information contained in them. No effort to remedy this, at least none that we are aware of, was made before the appearance of the three volumes on insects in Charles Knight's "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," which were precisely the description of books to rivet the attention of the reader, and to lead him on to examine for himself. In these volumes, the substance of Kirby and Spence's "Introduction," and of other generally inaccessible works, in most cases given in the very words of the authorities, is combined with much original matter from the pen of Professor Rennie, the compiler of the work. The three volumes are, moreover, profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, and their low price places them within the reach of all; though not free from error, they are admirably calculated to awaken and diffuse a taste for the observation of insects and their habits.

The best popular guide to the scientific study of Entomology that we are acquainted with, is Mr. Newman's "Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects." Being himself practically well ac-

quainted with the subject, and knowing from experience precisely the sort of aid required by beginners, the author has made it his aim throughout the volume to give the best kind of information in the plainest language; and in this endeavor he has been eminently successful. The volume is divided into four books. The first of these—"The History of Insects"—contains a series of histories of some of the most remarkable species, copied for the most part from the works of original observers, the authority for each being scrupulously given. Having by this means exhibited the kind of material the young entomologist has to work upon, the author, in the second book, proceeds to give lucid directions for the "Collection and Preservation of Insects," with the mode of investigating them. In the third book he treats of the "Physiology or Anatomy of Insects;" and in the fourth, of their "Classification." The whole is illustrated by numerous beautiful wood-cuts, with two exceptions drawn upon the blocks by the author himself; and the character of the book is well expressed by the words of the preface, where it is spoken of as "a simple introduction, a kind of 'reading-made-easy,' to the youthful butterfly-hunter;" and this is precisely the sort of work required by those interesting members of the community.

But this excellent work is only introductory; and consequently contains no specific descriptions or characters beyond those of the classes and orders; these could not have been added without defeating the author's object, "by increasing the bulk and enhancing the price of his book, with but little adequate advantage to the purchaser. Other books are thus necessary to those whom Mr. Newman has assisted over the threshold of the science. The embarrassment consequent on the very abundance of the materials for study offered by this science, must obviously render the opportunity of consulting accurate figures of insects an advantage of primary importance to the young entomologist. Unfortunately, however, the extent of the subject has precluded the possibility of giving more than a selection of the most typical forms in any general work, even when confined to British insects; and the necessarily high price of standard illustrated books on entomology confines the possession of such publications to the wealthy. For example, even such admirable works as those of Stephens and Curtis, in which are given descriptions of all known British insects, although the illustrations are confined to a figure of one species in each genus, so extensive is the subject that they are both very voluminous and very expensive. Several volumes of Jardine's "Naturalist's Library," published at a moderate price, are devoted to insects, and contain beautiful figures and good descriptions of a goodly number of British insects, and consequently did much towards supplying the want; and Miss Catlow's pretty little volume, just published by the Messrs. Reeve, will be found an excellent accompaniment to Mr. Newman's "Introduction;" in fact we know of no more

acceptable present to the young student of entomology than these two books. Miss Catlow's "Popular British Entomology" contains an introductory chapter or two upon classification; these are followed by brief generic and specific descriptions in English of above two hundred of the commoner British species, together with accurate figures of about seventy of those described. The work is beautifully printed, and the figures for the most part nicely colored; and will be quite a treasure to any one just commencing the study of a fascinating science.

The publishers of Miss Catlow's little book have in preparation a charming popular work on entomology, to be called "Episodes of Insect Life." We have been favored with a sight of the proof sheets, and must say that the book is admirably adapted to induce the reader to dip below the surface, and to make himself further acquainted with more of the sober realities of insect life, which, we can assure him, he will find fully as interesting as those so temptingly shown up in these delightful episodes. Many of the illustrations are exceedingly droll; insects being made to figure in them in all sorts of funny characters, and the humor displayed in the descriptions is quite on a par with that of the illustrations, which we must not omit to say are exquisitely drawn on stone in the German style.

But from this digression on books we must return to insects.

In their "Introductory Letter," Kirby and Spence set forth the claims of their science to a consideration equal, if not superior, to those of the other branches of Natural History. They show the sources of pleasure opened to the entomologist from the inexhaustible nature of the subject, the infinite variety and beauty of insects, their curious habits, the instruments of attack and defence with which they are provided for their own protection, as well as those expressly intended for the construction of habitations for their progeny; and, above all, the religious instruction to be drawn from an acquaintance with these wonderful little creatures. From this letter we make an interesting extract, showing that in most of his boasted inventions man has long been anticipated by the insect race.

The lord of the creation plumes himself upon his powers of invention, and is proud to enumerate the various useful arts and machines to which they have given birth, not aware that "He who teaches man knowledge" has instructed these despised insects to anticipate him in many of them. The builders of Babel doubtless thought their invention of turning earth into artificial stone a very happy discovery; yet a little bee had practised this art, using indeed a different process, on a small scale, and the white ants on a large one, ever since the world began. Man thinks that he stands unrivalled as an architect, and that his buildings are without a parallel among the works of the inferior order of animals. He would be of a different opinion did he attend to the history of insects; he would find that many of them have been architects from time immemorial; that they have had their houses

divided into various apartments, and containing staircases, gigantic arches, domes, colonnades, and the like; nay, that even tunnels are excavated by them so immense, compared with their own size, as to be twelve times bigger than that projected by Mr. Dodd to be carried under the Thames at Gravesend. The modern fine lady, who prides herself on the lustre and beauty of the scarlet hangings which adorn the stately walls of her drawing-room, or the carpets that cover its floor, fancying that nothing so rich and splendid was ever seen before, and pitying her vulgar ancestors, who were doomed to unsightly whitewash and rushes, is ignorant all the while, that before she or her ancestors were in existence, and even before the boasted Tyrian dye was discovered, a little insect had known how to hang the walls of its cells with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than any her rooms can exhibit, and that others daily weave silken carpets, both in tissue and texture infinitely superior to those she so much admires. No female ornament is more prized and costly than lace, the invention and fabrication of which seems the exclusive claim of the softer sex. But even here they have been anticipated by these little industrious creatures, who often defend their helpless chrysalis by a most singular covering, and as beautiful as singular, of lace. Other arts have been equally forestalled by these creatures. What vast importance is attached to the invention of paper! For near six thousand years one of our commonest insects has known how to make and apply it to its purposes; and even pasteboard, superior in substance and polish to any we can produce, is manufactured by another. We imagine that nothing short of human intellect can be equal to the construction of a diving-bell or an air-pump—yet a spider is in the daily habit of using the one, and, what is more, one exactly similar in principle to ours, but more ingeniously contrived; by means of which she resides unwetted in the bosom of the water, and procures the necessary supplies of air by a much more simple process than our alternating buckets—and the caterpillar of a little moth knows how to imitate the other, producing a vacuum when necessary for its purposes, without any piston besides its own body. If we think with wonder of the populous cities which have employed the united labors of man for many ages to bring them to their full extent, what shall we say to the white ants, which require only a few months to build a metropolis capable of containing an infinitely greater number of inhabitants than even imperial Nineveh, Babylon, Rome or Peking, in all their glory!

That insects should thus have forestalled us in our inventions, ought to urge us to pay a closer attention to them and their ways than we have hitherto done, since it is not at all improbable that the result would be many useful hints for the improvement of our arts and manufactures, and perhaps for some beneficial discoveries. The painter might thus probably be furnished with more brilliant pigments, the dyer with more delicate tints, and the artisan with a new and improved set of tools. In this last respect insects deserve particular notice. All their operations are performed with admirable precision and dexterity: and though they do not usually vary the mode, yet that mode is always the best that can be conceived for attaining the end in view. The instruments also with which they are provided are no less wonderful and various than the operations themselves. They have their saws, and files, and augurs, and ginalets,

and knives, and lancets, and scissors, and forceps, with many other similar implements; several of which act in more than one capacity, and with a complex and alternate motion to which we have not yet attained in the use of our tools. Nor is the fact so extraordinary as it may seem at first, since "He who is wise in heart and wonderful in working," is the inventor and fabricator of the apparatus of insects; which may be considered as a set of miniature patterns drawn for our use by a Divine hand.—(Introd., i. 14.)

There is no exaggeration in these statements. The little stone-making insect first alluded to is a member of the family of mason-bees, all of which build their solid houses of artificial stone, formed principally of grains of sand selected with great care, one by one, and formed into masses with their own viscid saliva. With these masses of sand, transported singly in her jaws to the site of her building, the little architect constructs a number of cells, in each of which she deposits an egg, together with a supply of provision to be ready for the young larva on its exclusion; the vacuities between the cells are filled up with the same material as the cells themselves are formed of, and the whole is finally covered with a coating of coarser grains of sand. The mass of cells thus finished looks more like a splash of mud casually thrown on the wall than anything else, and is so hard as not to be easily penetrated by a knife; but hard as it is, certain parasitic insects contrive to pierce the structure with their boring instruments, and to deposit their eggs in the cells; the larvæ proceeding from the eggs of these intruders devour the provision stored up by the industrious cell-builders, whose care for the safety of their offspring is thus frustrated.

Another family of bees includes the upholsterers, which excavate burrows in the earth for the reception of their eggs. These burrows they line with an elegant tapestry of leaves or flowers, cut from the living plants. One of these bees selects the brilliant scarlet petals of the poppy for the drapery of her apartments. After having excavated a burrow about three inches in depth, and polished its sides, she flies to the poppies, cuts oval pieces out of their flowers, and returns to her cell with these portions so cut out carried between her legs. The petals of poppies, before they are fully expanded, are much wrinkled; the bee manages to smooth out the wrinkles, and otherwise fit the pieces to the places they are to occupy. Placing three or four coats at the bottom, she overlays her walls with the brilliant tapestry, proceeding from below upwards until the whole is covered. An egg is then deposited, a supply of food provided, and the upper portion of the lining folded in so as to envelope the contents of the cell, the mouth of which is last of all closed with earth. The proceedings of the other upholsterer bees are equally curious; they usually select the green leaves of trees for the lining of their burrows, which are filled with several thimble-shaped cells, placed one within the other, the

rounded end of one fitting into the mouth of that next below it.

The wonderful building operations of the white ants form the subject of a most interesting paper by Smeathman, quoted by Mr. Newman from the "Philosophical Transactions." This chapter is too long for extract; we must therefore beg to refer our readers to the work itself, with the assurance that the perusal will amply repay the trouble; but we may be allowed to quote a summary account of the labors of these insects from Kirby and Spence.

That such diminutive insects, (for they are scarcely a fourth of an inch in length,) however numerous, should, in the space of three or four years, be able to erect a building twelve feet high, and of a proportionate bulk, covered by a vast dome, adorned without by numerous pinnacles and turrets, and sheltering under its ample arch myriads of vaulted apartments of various dimensions, and constructed of different materials—that they should, moreover, excavate, in different directions and at different depths, innumerable subterranean roads or tunnels, some twelve or thirteen inches in diameter, or throw an arch of stone over other roads leading from the metropolis into the adjoining country to the distance of several hundred feet—that they should project and finish the (for them) vast interior staircases or bridges lately described—and, finally, that the millions necessary to execute such Herculean labors, perpetually passing to and fro, should never interrupt or interfere with each other—is a miracle of nature, or, rather, the Author of nature, far exceeding the most boasted works and structures of man; for, did these creatures equal him in size, retaining their usual instincts and activity, their buildings would soar to the astonishing height of more than half a mile, and their tunnels would expand to a magnificent cylinder of more than three hundred feet in diameter; before which the pyramids of Egypt and the aqueducts of Rome would lose all their celebrity, and dwindle into nothing.—(Introd., i. 512.)

Examine the nest of the common wasp. This is generally formed in an underground cavity, usually in a bank; it is oval in shape, about sixteen or eighteen inches long, and twelve or thirteen broad. A well-peopled nest will contain at least 16,000 cells, similar in shape to those of the honey bee, and like them disposed in combs or layers; but, unlike those of the bee, the cells of the wasp do not contain honey, are not formed in double layers, and do not consist of wax, but of the same substance as the external envelope of the nest. What is this substance? No other than paper, of a grayish color, which the insect instinctively knew how to manufacture from the fibres of wood, detached by their jaws from posts, rails, or other places, long, long before the art of making paper as we now see it was discovered by man; and the pasteboard nests of another wasp, a native of Ceylon, vie in whiteness, solidity, and polish with the most superior article of that description ever fabricated by the most celebrated manufacturers.

The spider alluded to as having forestalled the diving-bell, forms her curious habitation at the bottom of the water. She spins a number of loose

threads, which are attached to the leaves and stems of water-plants; over this frame-work she next spreads a transparent varnish, impervious to water; then, by ascending to the surface, she manages to carry down into the chamber thus formed a bubble of air, and fills the chamber by repeating her visits to the surface a sufficient number of times to effect its distension, each time carrying down a bubble of air.

On the under side of the leaves of pear-trees may often be seen, in spring, a number of spine-like projections, about a quarter of an inch high, and not much thicker than a pin. These are the silken tents of a little caterpillar, which preys upon the parenchyma or pulp of the leaf. The tent is attached to the leaf by a number of silken threads; but should any extraordinary violence threaten to disturb the perpendicularity of the habitation, the tenant instantly creates a vacuum in the lower portion by ascending to the upper part; its body fills the upper portion, and thus leaves the lowermost free of air; the vacuum so caused serving to attach the tent quite firmly to the leaf.

One of the most curious things connected with insect economy is that succession of changes from the egg to the perfect state through which all insects pass. In reference to these changes, or metamorphoses, as they are called, which equal in wonder while they surpass in interest any of the transformations recorded in the pages of Ovid, Kirby, and Spence have some appropriate remarks which are by no means exaggerated.

Were a naturalist to announce to the world the discovery of an animal, which, for the first five years of its life, existed in the form of a serpent; which then, penetrating into the earth, and weaving a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracted itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling, more than anything else, an Egyptian mummy; and which, lastly, after remaining in this state without food and without motion for three years longer, should, at the end of that period, burst its silken cement, struggle through its earthly covering, and start into day a winged bird—what think you would be the sensation excited by this strange piece of intelligence? After the first doubts of its truth were dispelled, what astonishment would succeed! Amongst the learned, what surmises!—what investigations! Amongst the vulgar, what eager curiosity and amazement! All would be interested in the history of such an unheard-of phenomenon; even the most torpid would flock to the sight of such a prodigy.—(Introd., i. 58.)

And yet, without exciting much surprise, that is what is continually going on under our eyes; with divers modifications of minor import, it is the course through which have passed the countless hosts of insects, many of which were formerly believed to be the result of spontaneous generation—an absurd idea, by no means exploded in our own days. Harvey's aphorism—*omne vivum ex ovo*—is no less true of the most minute insect than of the gigantic ostrich. On the score of variety the advantage is indeed on the side of the insect; for

while the chick, when it breaks the shell of its prison, is in all respects a bird, and as such fitted to inhabit the same element as its parent, the young insect frequently passes the preliminary stages of its existence in a medium which would be fatal to its perfect progenitor. The common gnat, for example, deposits its eggs in water, attaching them side by side, by means of its long hind legs, in such a way as to form a perfect life-boat, which no rough treatment can upset or sink; it being doubtless essential for the welfare of the future progeny that the eggs should float on the surface of the water, and not sink in it.

The two next stages of the gnat's existence are passed in the water. Every one is well acquainted with the little active wriggling creatures, with large heads, which during the summer months abound in water, and especially rain-water, when freely exposed to the air. These are the larvæ and pupæ* of gnats. The larvæ, as soon as they leave the floating egg, descend into the water, there to await the arrival of the period for assuming their winged aerial condition. But although they thus exist in a different element, yet the respiration of atmospheric air is absolutely necessary to their existence; and the means of obtaining it are accordingly provided in the shape of a curious apparatus situated near the tail of the larva. The larva suspends itself from the surface of the water by means of the extremity of this breathing tube, which is capable of being opened out into a stellate form, and it thus, while used as an organ of respiration, also acts as a buoy. When the little creature wishes to descend, it closes the hairs at the end of the tube; and on reascending they are again opened.

After two or three moultings, the larva of the gnat becomes a pupa; in this state food seems to be no longer necessary, but fresh air is indispensable to its existence, though still living in the water. Unlike that of the larva, the respiratory apparatus of the pupa consists of two tubes placed behind the head, instead of being situated in the tail, which in the pupa is fin-shaped, and appears by its motion to assist the animal in maintaining its position at the surface of the water.

The next operation—that of assuming the perfect state—is a most interesting one, which we have witnessed with admiration many times. It is well described in Rennie's "Insect Transformations;" and this account being very accurate, we give it entire.

About eight or ten days after the larva of a gnat is transformed into a pupa, it prepares, generally towards noon, for emerging into the air, raising itself up to the surface so as to elevate its shoulders just above the level of the water. It has scarcely

got into this position for an instant, when, by swelling the part of its body above water, the skin cracks between the two breathing tubes, and immediately the head of the gnat makes its appearance through the rent. The shoulders instantly follow, enlarging the breach so as to render the extrication of the body comparatively easy. The most important, and, indeed, indispensable, part of the mechanism, is the maintaining of its upright position, so as not to get wetted, which would spoil its wings, and prevent it from flying. Its chief support is the rugosity of the envelop which it is throwing off, and which now serves it as a life-boat, till it gets its wings set at liberty, and trimmed for flight. The body of the insect serves this little boat for a mast, which is raised in a manner similar to movable masts in lighters constructed for passing under a bridge, with this difference, that the gnat raises its body in an upright direction from the first. "When the naturalist," says Réaumur, "observes how deep the prow of the tiny boat dips into the water, he becomes anxious for the fate of the little mariner, particularly if a breeze ripples the surface, for the least agitation of the air will waft it rapidly along, since its body performs the duty of a sail as well as of a mast; but as it bears a much greater proportion to the little bark than the largest sail does to a ship, it appears in great danger of being upset; and once laid on its side, all is over. I have sometimes seen the surface of the water covered with the bodies of gnats which had perished in this way; but for the most part all terminates favorably, and the danger is instantly over." When the gnat has extricated itself all but the tail, it first stretches out its two fore legs, and then the middle pair, bending them down to feel for the water, upon which it is able to walk as upon dry land, the only aquatic faculty which it retains after having winged its way above the element where it spent the first stages of its existence.—(Lib. Ent. Knowl. Ins. Trans., p. 317.)

The dragon-flies, or "horse-stingers," as they are erroneously called by the country people, also deposit their eggs in the water, where they are hatched; and the young, like those of the gnat, pass the two first stages of their life in that element. The larva is furnished with a very curious respiratory apparatus, by which it is enabled to sustain an intermittent pumping up and discharge of water, thus serving at the same time both as an organ of locomotion and of respiration. But this is not the only curious circumstance connected with this larva. The under lip of the mouth in the larva of most insects is very small; but in that of the dragon-fly it is very large and of a most extraordinary structure, thus well described by Kirby and Spence:—

It is by far the largest organ of the mouth, which, when closed, it entirely conceals, and it not only retains but actually seizes the animal's prey, by means of a very singular pair of jaws with which it is furnished. Conceive your under lip (to have recourse, like Réaumur on another occasion, to such a comparison) to be horny instead of fleshy, and to be elongated perpendicularly downwards, so as to wrap over your chin, and to extend to its bottom—that this elongation is there expanded into a triangular convex plate, attached to it by a joint, so as to bend upwards again and fold over the face as

* We have four stages in the life of an insect—four states which it is necessary thoroughly to understand; the egg, (*ovum*), which is motionless and apparently lifeless; the grub, (*larva*), which is active, but, without wings, voracious, and grows rapidly; the chrysalis, (*pupa*), which is quite motionless, and does not occur in all insects; the perfect insect, (*imago*), which is active, has wings, does not grow, and which, by laying eggs, perpetuates its kind. (—Newman, 2.)

high as the nose, concealing not only the chin and the first-mentioned elongation, but the mouth and part of the cheeks; conceive, moreover, that to the end of this last-mentioned plate are fixed two other convex ones, so broad as to cover the whole nose and temples—that these can open at pleasure transversely, like a pair of jaws, so as to expose the nose and mouth, and that their inner edges where they meet are cut into numerous sharp teeth, or spines, or armed with one or more long sharp claws;—you will then have as accurate an idea as my powers of description can give of the strange conformation of the under lip in the larvæ of *Libellulina*, which conceals the mouth and face precisely as I have supposed a similar construction of your lip would do yours. You will, probably, admit that your own visage would present an appearance not very engaging while concealed by such a mask; but it would strike still more awe into the spectators, were they to see you first open the two upper jaw-plates, which would project from each temple like the blinders of a horse; and next, having by means of the joint at the chin, let down the whole apparatus, and uncovered your face, employ them in seizing any food that presented itself, and conveying it to your mouth. Yet this procedure is that adopted by the larvæ of the dragon-fly provided with this strange organ. While it is at rest, it applies close to and covers the face. When the insects would make use of it, they unfold it like an arm, catch the prey at which they aim by means of the mandibuli-form plates, and then partly refold it so as to hold the prey to the mouth in a convenient position for the operation of the two pair of jaws with which they are provided. Réaumur once found one of them thus holding and devouring a large tadpole; a sufficient proof that Swanmerdam was greatly deceived in imagining earth to be the food of animals so tremendously armed and fitted for carnivorous purposes. In the larvæ of *Libellula*, *Fabr.*, it is so exactly resembling a mask, that if entomologists ever went to masquerades, they could not more effectually relieve the insipidity of such amusements, and attract the attention of the *demoiselles*, than by appearing at the supper table with a mask of this construction, and serving themselves by its assistance.—(Intro., iii. 126.)

These voracious larvæ do not, however, trust solely to this curious apparatus when seeking for prey, for they stealthily close upon it as a cat will do upon a bird or upon a mouse, and then suddenly unmasking seize it by surprise; insects, tadpoles, and even small fishes are thus captured.

Like the pupa of the gnat, that of the dragon-fly is under the necessity of seeking the air in order to assume its perfect winged condition, but its avoidance of water is much more complete than in the case of the gnat; for, not content with merely ascending to the surface, there to get rid of its now useless integument, the dragon-fly leaves the water entirely, generally by crawling up the stems of aquatic plants, upon which it fixes itself by means of its claws, and thus remains motionless for a time, as if to gain strength for the coming struggle. After a while, the envelope may be seen to burst open between the shoulders; through the aperture protrudes the head of the perfect fly, and this is quickly followed by its legs, the cases of which remain attached as before to

the plant. Another period of rest now intervenes, the head and upper portion of the body being bent backwards, and gradually becoming dry and firm. The fly then, firmly grasping the upper portion of its cast skin with its feet, gradually draws out the remainder of its body, and again rests immovably. During this state of inaction the wings expand, all the crumples, plaits, and folds incidental to the confined space previously occupied gradually disappear, and the whole wing becomes a beautiful smooth gauzy membrane, traversed by nerves, and nearly the length of the body, which has at the same time been gradually enlarging and lengthening, and the limbs acquiring their just size and proportions. Moreover, while the wings are thus drying and expanding, the insect is instinctively careful to prevent their coming in contact, while wet, with any part of the body, which would render them unfit for use, by arching the latter in such a way that the convexity is downwards. The whole of this curious process we have watched with admiration; and once had the pleasure of explaining it to a little intelligent country boy, who happened to pass the piece of water where it was going on, and put the question, "What be them 'ere things a-doin'?"

In a former number of this "Review" we quoted from the "Zoologist" an exceedingly interesting account of the final transformation of a small species of ephemera, or day-fly, illustrative of what Mr. Newman well calls "the strange fact of an insect's flying before it reaches the imago; that is, flying in its penultimate state." The eggs of these flies are laid in the water, like those of the dragon-flies, which belong to the same class (*Neuroptera*), and the gnats. The larvæ live in the water two and even three years; when the imago is about to cast off its pupa-skin, it leaves the water, and proceeds in the manner described in the quotation above referred to. The duration of the perfect insect's life is at most a few hours.

The phryganææ, or caddis-flies, also deposit their eggs in the water. The larvæ construct for themselves little habitations of small shells, (which sometimes contain their living tenants,) grains of sand, small stones, bits of stick, and other similar substances, made to adhere by the prototype of marine glue. These larvæ cannot swim, but, being furnished with six legs, they walk with facility at the bottom of the water; and being themselves heavier than water, it is necessary that their habitations should have a specific gravity so nearly corresponding with that of water, that the animals may move about without being floated to the surface on the one hand, or compelled to remain at the bottom on the other. The larvæ, therefore, evince their instinct-prompted knowledge of hydrostatics, by attaching to their cells a piece of straw, or some other light substance, if too heavy; or if too light, a shell or piece of gravel. They never quit their habitations until about to assume the perfect form; when about to become pupæ, the larvæ withdraw within their cases, after fixing them to some solid substance, and close each extremity with

a grating which readily permits the passage of water through the case, this being necessary for respiration. The pupa makes its way out by means of a pair of hooked jaws, and swims about until it leaves the water for the purpose of undergoing its final ecdysis; some of them climb up aquatic plants, like the pupæ of dragon-flies; others simply float up to the surface, as the pupæ of the gnats do.

It is very difficult, without actually witnessing the successive stages of the lives of such insects, to realize the curious fact, that the little merry dancing gnats, whose aerial gambols all have observed; and the quick-darting dragon-flies, with their iridescent glistening wings; and the gay ephemera, whose aerial life is to terminate in a few hours from the period of their assuming it; were once the inhabitants of an element which would be fatal to them in their now perfect form. Yet are there many insects whose lives are passed under similarly opposite conditions; and still more numerous are those whose progress from birth to maturity is characterized by changes of structure equally curious, which, however, are not so strikingly marked, in consequence of their occurring in situations and under circumstances less opposed than those we have been considering.

Every resident in the country is well acquainted with the common cockchafer, or May-bug, but few, perhaps, are aware that the form in which they are most familiar with it—that of a large beetle—is the ultimate one of four several stages of insect life. Four years before the May-bug makes its presence unpleasantly known to us by dashing in our faces during our rural walks on the delicious evenings we sometimes have in May, it was carefully deposited in some field or meadow, in the form of an egg, in company with perhaps hundreds of similar eggs, by a May-bug like itself. The parent, having performed this duty, would soon cease to exist; and towards autumn the eggs would give birth to numerous minute whitish grubs. Between this period of hatching and the third autumn, the grubs increase greatly in size, and cast their skins three or four times, each time burrowing deeper than their usual feeding level, as they likewise do in winter, when they become torpid. In the third autumn after they are hatched the grubs prepare for assuming the pupa state, by burrowing to the depth of about a yard; and in a little chamber at the bottom of the burrows they remain inactive until the following January or February, when the perfect beetles emerge from the last covering they are to cast off; but for ten or twelve days they remain quite as soft as when in their first stage of existence, and do not venture to quit their subterranean asylum until May, when they may be seen crawling out of the ground in great numbers, and soon taking flight. In the perfect state these insects live upon the leaves of trees; but the voracious grubs devour the roots of grasses, sometimes destroying whole acres of the finest pasture, and, as Kirby and Spence well observe, they “undermine the richest meadows, and

so loosen the turf, that it will roll up as if cut with a turving spade.” Records have from time to time appeared of the extensive ravages of these grubs, which do not confine themselves to grass, but also eat the roots of corn. The rooks are their most determined enemies; for they not only follow the plough for the purpose of devouring the grubs of the cockchafer, which, among others, are sometimes turned up in the furrows in great numbers, but they instinctively, as it were, pitch upon those meadows and portions of meadows where the grubs are pursuing their subterranean work of destruction, root up the grasses with their strong beaks, and feast luxuriously upon the rich repast thus laid bare; as if to revenge themselves upon the cause of the charge undeservedly brought against them, of doing an injury to the farmer by uprooting his grass, when, in reality, they are conferring upon him one of the greatest benefits, by destroying an insidious enemy.

The very extensive class Coleoptera, or the beetle tribe, to which the cockchafer belongs, furnishes many other examples of insects exceedingly injurious to agriculture, both in the larva and perfect states. Such are the different kinds of weevil which attack grain, both while growing and when stored away in the granary; the turnip-fly; the wire-worm, which is the grub of one of the little slender beetles allied to the exotic fire-flies; and many others, an attentive study of whose habits in their various stages would probably suggest remedies for the injuries inflicted by them. On the other hand, the same class furnishes examples of insects conferring benefits upon man, either by preying upon other insects whose ravages interfere with his comforts or with the supplying of his necessities, or by removing decaying substances which would otherwise become offensive to the senses. Of the former description are the larvæ of the lady-birds, which do good service by destroying the Aphides infesting the hop; of the latter, in a small way, is the sexton, or burying-beetle, which actually consigns to the bosom of mother earth the body of any small animal it may meet with; not, however, with a view of conferring a benefit upon the “lord of creation,” but in order that its own progeny may be provided with a fitting nidus, and that they may find a sufficient store of provision on emerging from the egg. An exceedingly pleasing description of the proceedings of this beetle and his mate, from the pen of an observer who, we regret, now writes no more, appeared some years ago in the “Entomological Magazine,” with the signature of “Rusticus, of Godalming,” and is quoted by Mr. Newman in his “Introduction to the History of Insects,” from which we here extract it.

The sexton-beetle is about an inch in length; it is of a black color, and so fetid, that the hands smell for hours after handling it; and if it crawl on woollen clothes which are not washed, the smell continues for several days. The sexton-beetle lays its eggs in the bodies of putrefying

dead animals, which, when practicable, it buries in the ground. In Russia, where the poor people are buried but a few inches below the surface of the ground, the sexton-beetles avail themselves of the bodies for this purpose, and the graves are pierced with their holes in every direction; at evening, hundreds of these beetles may be seen in the church-yards, either buzzing over recent graves, or emerging from them. The sexton-beetle, in this country, seldom finds so convenient a provision for him, and he is under the necessity of taking much more trouble; he sometimes avails himself of dead dogs and horses, but these are too great rarities to be his constant resort; the usual objects of his search are dead mice, rats, birds, frogs, and moles; of these, a bird is most commonly obtained. In the neighborhood of towns, every kind of garbage that is thrown out attracts these beetles as soon as it begins to smell; and it is not unusual to see them settling in our streets, enticed by the grateful odor of such substances. The sexton-beetles hunt in couples, male and female; and where six or eight are found in a large animal, they are almost sure to be males and females in equal numbers; they hunt by scent only, the chase being mostly performed when no other sense would be very available, viz., in the night. When they have found a bird, great comfort is expressed by the male, who wheels round and round above it, like a vulture over the putrefying carcass of some giant of the forest. The female settles on it at once, without this testimonial of satisfaction. The male at last settles also, and a savory and ample meal is made before the great work is begun. After the beetles have appeased the calls of hunger, the bird is abandoned for a while; they both leave it to explore the earth in the neighborhood, and ascertain whether there is a place suitable for interment; if on a ploughed field there is no difficulty; but if on grass, or among stones, much labor is required to draw it to a more suitable place. The operation of burying is performed almost entirely by the male beetle, the female mostly hiding herself in the body of the bird about to be buried, or sitting quietly upon it, and allowing herself to be buried with it: the male begins by digging a furrow all round the bird, at the distance of about half an inch, turning the earth outside; his head is the only tool used in this operation; it is held sloping outwards, and is exceedingly powerful. After the first furrow is completed another is made within it, and the earth is thrown into the first furrow; then a third furrow is made, and this is completely under the bird, so that the beetle, whilst working at it, is out of sight: now, the operation can only be traced by the heaving of the earth, which soon forms a little rampart round the bird; as the earth is moved from beneath, and the surrounding rampart increases in height, the bird sinks. After incessant labor for about three hours, the beetle emerges, crawls upon the bird, and takes a survey of his work. If the female is on the bird, she is driven away by the male, who does not choose to be intruded upon during the important business. The male beetle then remains for about an hour perfectly still, and does not stir hand nor foot; he then dismounts, dives again into the grave, and pulls the bird down by the feathers for half an hour; its own weight appears to sink it but very little. At last, after two or three hours' more labor, the beetle comes up, again gets on the bird, and again takes a survey, and then drops down as though dead, or fallen suddenly fast asleep. When sufficiently rested

he rouses himself, treads the bird firmly into its grave, pulls it by the feathers this way and that way, and having settled it to his mind, begins to shovel in the earth; this is done in a very short time, by means of his broad head. He goes behind the rampart of earth, and pushes it into the grave with amazing strength and dexterity: the head being bent directly downwards at first, and then the nose elevated with a kind of jerk, which sends the earth forwards. After the grave is thus filled up, the earth is trodden in, and undergoes another keen scrutiny all round, the bird being completely hidden; the beetle then makes a hole in the still loose earth, and having buried the bird and his own bride, next buries himself.

The female having laid her eggs in the carcass of the bird, in number proportioned to its size, and the pair having eaten as much of the savory viand as they please, they make their way out, and fly away. The eggs are hatched in two days, and produce fat scaly grubs, which run about with great activity; these grubs grow excessively fast, and very soon consume all that their parents had left. As soon as they are full grown they cease eating, and burrowing further in the earth become pupæ. The length of time they remain in this state appears uncertain; but when arrived at the perfect state, they make round holes in the ground, from which they come forth.—(Newman, p. 53.)

Of the unwearied industry shown by these beetles, some idea may be formed by the result of experiments conducted by M. Gleditsch, as quoted by Kirby and Spence, from an interesting article in the "Acts of the Berlin Society" for 1752. M. Gleditsch found that "in fifty days four beetles had interred in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcasses; viz., four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days." To this account the authors add the following pertinent remarks:

It is plain that all this labor is incurred for the sake of placing in security the future young of these industrious insects along with a necessary provision of food. One mole would have sufficed a long time for the repast of the beetles themselves, and they could have more conveniently fed upon it above ground than below. But if they had left thus exposed the carcass in which their eggs were deposited, both would have been exposed to the imminent risk of being destroyed at a mouthful by the first fox or kite that chanced to espy them.—(Intro., i. 354.)

Much as we may deplore the devastations of the timber-boring insects, among which the beetle tribe figures most conspicuously, it must be remembered that in pursuing their destructive operations they are but performing their share of the general economy of nature, which provides for the removal of all organic substances, whether animal or vegetable, as soon as the vital principle has ceased to actuate them. That all such substances shall return to the dust whence they sprang is a decree from which there is no appeal; and the in-

sect tribes do but hasten its fulfilment, while engaged in destroying our books, our furniture, the wooden frame-work of our houses, or the lofty tenants of our forests. The ease with which wood, when much "worm-eaten," is crumbled, even between the fingers, is well known: but it may not be so generally understood that the "worms" which produce this effect upon articles of furniture formed of wood, are no other than the soft-bodied grubs of various coleopterous insects, which are thus carrying out on a small scale the more extensive operations that quickly reduce to a similar condition the giants of tropical forests. Our domestic pests of this description are chiefly small beetles, which pass the early part of their lives in the wood, and by means of their powerful jaws mine through it in all directions, only emerging when they assume the perfect state. One of these is the "death-watch," which even yet is an object of superstitious dread to the inhabitants of many an old house, of the wood-work of which it has taken possession. The ticking noise, so alarming to weak minds, and which is often considered an infallible presage of impending death to some member of the family, is merely the call-note of the perfect beetle of several species chiefly belonging to the genus *Anobium*, and, as we have often observed, principally by the largest species, *A. tessellatum*. The manner of producing this noise, which greatly resembles the ticking of a watch, is thus very accurately described by Kirby and Spence.

Raising itself upon its hind legs, with the body somewhat inclined, it beats its head with great force and agility upon the plane of position; and its strokes are so powerful, as to make a considerable impression if they fall upon any substance softer than wood. The general number of distinct strokes in succession is from seven to nine or eleven. They follow each other quickly, and are repeated at uncertain intervals. In old houses, where these insects abound, they may be heard in warm weather during the day. The noise exactly resembles that produced by tapping moderately with the nail upon the table; and when familiarized, the insects will answer very readily the tap of the nail.—(Intro., ii. 383.)

They also answer the ticking of a watch, if laid upon wood inhabited by them. By way of relieving this dry discussion, we may quote Dean Swift's description of the death-watch, with his infallible method of breaking the spell. He calls it—

A wood-worm,

That lies in old wood like a hare in her form:

With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;

Because, like a watch, it always cries "click;"
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick!
For, sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries "click," when it scratches the post;

But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected;

The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

After enumerating many important services rendered to man by insects in the removing of decaying organic matters, Kirby and Spence conclude their long list of insect injuries and benefits with the following paragraph:—

Benefits equally great are rendered by the wood-destroying insects. We, indeed, in this country, who find use for ten times more timber than we produce, could dispense with their services; but to estimate them at their proper value, as affecting the great system of nature, we should transport ourselves to tropical climes, or to those under the temperate zones, where millions of acres are covered by one interminable forest. How is it that these untrodden regions, where thousands of their giant inhabitants fall victims to the slow ravages of time, or the more sudden operations of lightning and hurricanes, should yet exhibit none of those scenes of ruin and desolation that might have been expected, but are always found with the verdant characters of youth and beauty? It is to the insect world that this great charge of keeping the habitations of the Dryads in perpetual freshness has been committed. A century almost would elapse before the removal from the face of nature of the mighty ruins of one of the hard-wooded tropical trees, by the mere influence of the elements. But how speedy its decomposition, when their operations are assisted by insects! As soon as a tree is fallen, one tribe attack its bark, which is often the most indestructible part of it; and thousands of orifices into the solid trunk are bored by others. The rain thus insinuates itself into every part, and the action of heat promotes the decomposition. Various fungi now take possession and assist in the process, which is followed up by the incessant attacks of other insects, that feed only upon wood in an incipient state of decay. And thus, in a few months, a mighty mass, which seemed inferior in hardness only to iron, is mouldered into dust, and its place occupied by younger trees full of life and vigor.—(Intro., i. 260.)

That the office of clearing the ground encumbered by the fallen monarchs of the forest is effectually aided by insects, is well attested by travellers in those regions where vegetation assumes its most luxuriant character; and in this work the larvæ of the beetle tribe do good service, in which they are assisted by those of insects belonging to the tribe next to be considered.

The Lepidoptera, or the butterfly and moth tribe, offers, perhaps, some of the most attractive insects, whether to the scientific or the non-scientific entomologist. The butterfly, with its gorgeous hues, its devious flight, and the comparative obscurity of its previous life, has furnished to poets of all ages some of their most glowing similes, and to philosophers, from a very early date, a number of striking and beautiful analogies with the repose of the tomb and the probability of a more glorious hereafter. These insects are also associated with the most agreeable images of the happiest period of our early days, when, like the youthful Marcius, as portrayed by Shakspeare, we pursued the "rainbow butterflies," regardless of wet, dirt, and tumblers, and equally careless as to whether the object

of our pursuit were "cabbage," "peacock," or "tortoise-shell." Peter Pindar's clever but sarcastic description of the exploits of Sir Joseph Banks, in his mad career after the Emperor of Morocco, is by no means a very exaggerated picture of the doings of many an enthusiastic collector, with a glittering prize in view; and we question whether the coldest among them would hesitate to follow the example of the worthy knight, with a shadow of a chance of capturing the Purple Emperor.

Most persons, at some time or other, have kept silkworms, and are consequently pretty well acquainted with the changes they undergo in their progress from the egg to the perfect winged condition. To those who have not had this opportunity of practically gaining a knowledge of the economy of the butterfly tribe, the following passages from Kirby and Spence will, in a great measure, supply the information.

That butterfly which amuses you with its aerial excursions, one while extracting nectar from the tube of the honeysuckle, and then, the very image of fickleness, flying to a rose, as if to contrast the hue of its wings with that of the flower on which it reposes—did not come into the world as you now behold it. At its first exclusion from the egg, and for some months of its existence afterwards, it was a worm-like caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring leaves with two jaws, and seeing by means of twelve eyes so minute as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of a microscope. You now view it furnished with wings capable of rapid and extensive flights; of its sixteen feet ten have disappeared, and the remaining six are in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded; its jaws have vanished, and are replaced by a curled-up proboscis, suited only for sipping liquid sweets; the form of its head is entirely changed, two long horns project from its upper surface; and, instead of twelve invisible eyes, you behold two, very large, and composed of at least 20,000 convex lenses, each supposed to be a distinct and effective eye.

Were you to push your examination further, and by dissection to compare the internal conformation of the caterpillar with that of the butterfly, you would witness changes even more extraordinary. In the former you would find some thousands of muscles, which in the latter are replaced by others of a form and structure entirely different. Nearly the whole body of the caterpillar is occupied by a capacious stomach. In the butterfly this has become converted into an almost imperceptible thread-like viscus; and the abdomen is now filled by two large packets of eggs, or other organs not visible in the first state. In the former, two spirally convoluted tubes were filled with a silky gum; in the latter, both tubes and silk have almost totally vanished; and changes equally great have taken place in the economy and structure of the nerves and other organs.

What a surprising transformation! Nor was this all. The change from one form to the other was not direct. An intermediate state not less singular intervened. After casting its skin even to its very jaws several times, and attaining its full growth, the caterpillar attaches itself to a leaf by a silken girth. Its body greatly contracted; its skin once more split asunder, and disclosed an oviform mass, with-

out exterior mouth, eyes, or limbs, and exhibiting no other symptom of life than a slight motion when touched. In this state of death-like stupor, and without tasting food, the insect existed for several months, until at length the tomb burst, and out of a case not more than an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, proceeded the butterfly before you, which covers a surface of nearly four inches square.—(Introd., i. 60.)

Witnessing, as they doubtless did, these extraordinary changes without being able to account for them physiologically, it is quite possible, as Kirby has suggested, that "some of the wonderful tales of the ancients were grafted on the changes which they observed to take place in insects." The story of the phoenix, for example, in many of its particulars, closely resembles various occurrences in the metamorphoses of insects. At first a worm, emerging from the ashes of its parent's funeral pile, and eventually a glorious winged creature, providing in the means of its own destruction the nidus of its future and unseen progeny; the fabled phoenix might assuredly have acquired its type from the actual butterfly, without any great stretch of imagination. Then again the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, would, to the minds of the early observers, be shadowed forth in the apparent revivification of the seemingly dead chrysalis. But the doctrine of a future life, more glorious than that of transmigration, also derived support and countenance from the same remarkable vicissitudes of insect life. In the words of Mr. Newman—

What can be more wonderful than the fact that an unsightly worm should pass through a shrouded and death-like sleep, and should wake at last a glorious butterfly, to bask in sunshine, float on the impalpable atmosphere, and quaff the luscious nectar of beauteous flowers! Well might such a miracle be made a poet's theme! Well might those philosophers, on whose mind there dawned, albeit dimly, the great truth of an after life—well might they imagine their toilsome existence typified in the caterpillar, their descent to the quiet grave in the tomb-like repose of the chrysalis, and the hereafter they sighed for in the spirit-like resurrection of the happy butterfly; and seizing with avidity the idea, well might they designate these aerial creatures by the name of "souls!"—(Newman, p. 73.)

Observation and research have shown the true nature of insect metamorphosis; which, although no longer possessing a claim to the supernatural, has by no means lost its legitimate character of the wonderful. Instead of the crawling caterpillar being *metamorphosed* into the chrysalis, in the strict sense of the term, or the quiescent chrysalis into the active butterfly, "it is now established beyond a doubt, that the wings, legs, and other parts of the butterfly preëxist in the chrysalis, and even in the caterpillar; these facts have been ascertained by immersing the chrysalis and caterpillar in hot water, and dissecting them when a greater degree of solidity has thus been given to

* $\Psi\psi\chi$, signifying both *soul* and *butterfly*.

the various parts." This is still more minutely explained by Kirby and Spence, in the following paragraphs:—

A caterpillar is not, in fact, a simple, but a compound animal, containing within it the germ of the future butterfly, inclosed in what will be the case of the pupa, which is itself included in the three or more skins, one over the other, that will successively cover the larva. As this increases in size, these parts expand, present themselves, and are in turn thrown off, until at length the perfect insect, which had been concealed in this succession of masks, is displayed in its genuine form. That this is the proper explanation of the phenomenon, has been satisfactorily proved by Swammerdam, Malpighi, and other anatomists. The first-mentioned illustrious naturalist discovered, by accurate dissections, not only the skins of the larva and of the pupa incased in each other, but within them the very butterfly itself, with its organs indeed in an almost fluid state, but still perfect in all its parts. Of this fact you may convince yourself without Swammerdam's skill, by plunging into vinegar or spirits of wine a caterpillar about to assume the pupa state, and letting it remain there a few days, for the purpose of giving consistency to its parts; or by boiling it in water for a few minutes. A very rough dissection will then enable you to detect the future butterfly; and you will find that the wings, rolled up in a sort of a cord, are lodged between the first and second segment of the caterpillar; that the antennæ and trunk are coiled up in front of the head; and that the legs, however different their form, are actually sheathed in its legs. Malpighi discovered the eggs of the future moth in the chrysalis of the silkworm only a few days old; and Reaumur those of another moth (*Hypogymna dispar*) even in the caterpillar, and that seven or eight days before its change into the pupa. A caterpillar, then, may be regarded as a locomotive egg having for its embryo the included butterfly, which, after a certain period, assimilates to itself the animal substances by which it is surrounded; has its organs gradually developed; and at length breaks through the shell which incloses it.

This explanation strips the subject of everything miraculous, yet by no means reduces it to a simple or uninteresting operation. Our reason is confounded at the reflection that a larva, at first not thicker than a thread, includes its own triple, or sometimes octuple teguments; the case of a chrysalis, and a butterfly, all curiously folded into each other; with an apparatus of vessels for breathing and digesting, of nerves for sensation, and of muscles for moving; and that these various forms of existence will undergo their successive evolutions by aid of a few leaves received into its stomach. And still less able are we to comprehend how this organ should at one time be capable of digesting leaves, at another only honey; how one while a silky fluid should be secreted, at another none; or how organs at one period essential to the existence of the insect, should at another be cast off, and the whole system that supported them vanish.—(Introd., i. 70.)

But, beautiful as are the members of this tribe, and interesting as are their curious changes, a vast amount of the injuries caused by insects to the agriculturist, the forester, the merchant, and even to domestic economy, may fairly be laid to

their charge. It is no unusual circumstance for hedges and trees to be entirely stripped of their foliage in spring and early summer, remaining as bare and leafless as in the depth of winter. This mischief is chiefly caused by the caterpillars of several species of moths or butterflies, which occasionally make their appearance in astonishing numbers, and devour every green leaf that falls in their way. Caterpillars of other species also greatly injure living trees, by eating away the internal wood; and in this way they do as much mischief as the grubs of wood-boring beetles previously spoken of. In short, vegetable substances of all descriptions, living and dead, are liable to the attacks of innumerable insect foes, which are by no means confined to the members of the two classes here referred to, since almost every tribe furnishes its contingent to the great army, whose depredations are doubtless permitted for certain wise purposes, not the least important of which is the removal of decaying organic substances.

The care with which insects provide for the safety and well-being of their progeny, whom the majority of them never see, furnishes some of the most curious manifestations of instinct. Most insect parents perish soon after they have deposited their eggs in suitable situations, with, in some cases, a supply of food to be ready for the young the moment they emerge from the egg. This is not, however, the case with all. A species of bug, inhabiting the birch tree, keeps near her eggs, and collects and takes as much care of the young when hatched as a hen does of her chickens. Another insect, perfectly harmless to man personally, though the object of much unfounded dislike, does the same thing; we allude to the earwig, whose proceedings are thus detailed by Mr. Newman:—

The earwig is one of our most common insects; it is well known to every one, and is very generally an object of unconquerable dislike; the forceps at its tail, and the threatening manner in which these are turned over its back, to pinch anything of which it is afraid, render it peculiarly disgusting. The fore wings of the earwig are square, short leathery pieces, which cover but a very small portion of the body; the insect is incapable of folding them in any direction, or of using them as organs of flight. The hind wings are quite different from the fore wings; they are folded into a very small compass, and covered by the fore wings, except a small portion which protrudes from beneath them; and, when examined in this position, appear totally useless as organs of flight. When unfolded, the hind wings are remarkably beautiful; they are of ample size, perfectly transparent, displaying prismatic colors when moved in the light; and are intersected by veins, which radiate from near the centre to the margin. The shape of these wings when fully opened, is nearly that of the human ear; and from this circumstance it seems highly probable that the original name of this insect was ear-wing.

Earwigs subsist principally on the leaves and flowers of plants, and on fruit; and they are entirely nocturnal insects, retiring by day into dark crevices and corners, where they are screened from

observation. The rapidity with which they devour the petals of a flower is remarkable; they clasp the edge of a petal in their fore legs, and then, stretching out their head as far as possible, bite out a mouthful, then another mouthful nearer, and so on till the head is brought to the fore legs. This mode of eating is exactly that which is practised by the caterpillars of butterflies and moths; the part of a leaf or petal is eaten out in a semicircular form, and the head is thrust out to the extreme part after every series of mouthfuls. Pinks, carnations, and dahlias very frequently lose all their beauty from the voracity of these insects. When the time of breeding has arrived, which is generally in the autumn, the female retires for protection to the cracks in the bark of old trees, or the interstices of weather boarding, or under heavy stones on the ground: here she commences laying her eggs. The eggs are usually from twenty to fifty in number; when the female has finished laying them, she does not forsake them, as is the habit of other insects, but sits on them, in the manner of a hen, until they are hatched.

When the little ones leave the shell, they are instantly very perceptibly larger than the eggs which contained them. They precisely resemble the parent in structure and habit, except that they are without wings; they also differ in color, being perfectly white. The care of the mother does not cease with the hatching of the eggs; the young ones run after her wherever she moves, and she continues to sit on them and brood over them with the greatest affection for many days. If the young ones are disturbed or scattered, or if the parent is taken away from them, she will on the first opportunity, collect them again, and brood over them as carefully as before, allowing them to push her about, and cautiously moving one foot after another, for fear of hurting them. How the young ones are fed until the mother's care has ceased, does not appear to have been ascertained; for it is not until they are nearly half grown that they are seen feeding on vegetables with the rest.—(Newman, p. 10.)

We can vouch for the accuracy of the above description of the habits of the earwig, having more than once seen the female brooding over her young ones, and pretty little white things they are. We have never seen the common earwig on the wing, but have frequently captured a smaller insect, belonging to a closely allied genus, when in the act of flying; and it is probable that the earwig itself, from the ample size of its wings, is able to take extensive flights. The beauty of the wings will well repay the observer for the little trouble required to unfold them. On the back of the insect, between the second and third pairs of legs, will be seen two little scale-like bodies, lying side by side; these are the fore wings, and if they are carefully lifted up with a pin, the flying wings may be seen beneath them, curiously folded up into the smallest possible compass, and these, by the cautious use of the pin, may be opened out to their full extent. The forceps at the end of the body are said to be used by the earwig in displaying its wings preparatory to taking flight; and this supposition is a very probable one. The prevalent idea, that the earwig is in the habit of entering people's ears, and there doing all sorts

of naughty tricks, is entirely without foundation. We believe that its injurious operations are confined to spoiling the florist's choice flowers, and partaking of the gardener's ripest fruits; and that they have not mended their manners in this respect for the last few hundred years, we may infer from a rather amusing passage in old Muffet's "Theatre of Insects."

The English women hate them [the earwigs] exceedingly, because of the flowers of clove-gilliflower that they eat and spoil, and they set snares for them thus: they set in the most void places ox-hoofs, hogs'-hoofs, or old cast things that are hollow, upon a staff fastened into the ground, and these are easily stuffed with straw; and when by night the savages creep into them to avoid the rain, or hide themselves in the morning, these old cast things, being shook, forth a great multitude fall, and are killed by treading on them.

The beautiful wings of the earwig lead us to make a few remarks upon insect wings in general. In nothing is what Cicero calls "the insatiable variety of nature" more strikingly manifested than in those beautiful organs of locomotion; and upon their variations Linnæus founded his system of classification, which differs but slightly from that of Aristotle, the first systematist whose works have come down to our times; and the Linnæan differences are certainly no improvements upon a mode of classifying insects contrived above two thousand years ago.

A perfect insect is furnished with four wings and six legs; in what must be considered their normal or typical state, the four wings are all of equal size, and all equally capable of being used in flying; these conditions are fulfilled in the typical class, Neuroptera, comprising, among others, the dragon-flies, white ants, Ephemera, and Phryganea before spoken of; the most beautiful members of this group being perhaps the lace-winged flies, one of which, the elegant *Chrysopa perla*, has four very large greenish wings, perfectly transparent, and in texture resembling the finest lace; its body is long and slender, and covered with burnished armor, and its eyes large, prominent, and of a brilliant golden green color. The eggs of this, or a very closely allied species, are very curious objects, greatly resembling in appearance some of the delicate fungi. They are of an oval shape, and greenish white color, each being attached to the twig of lilac, or other tree upon which they are deposited, by means of a white stem, about an inch long. These stems or footstalks are formed by the parent attaching a drop of glutinous matter to the twig, and then drawing it out to the full length of her own body, the egg being at the end of it. The larva, like that of the lady-birds, is a determined enemy to Aphides, and after having exhausted of their juices the bodies of those pests, it covers itself with the remains of their bodies.

In the Lepidoptera, or the butterfly and moth tribe, we observe the first indications of a deviation from the normal equality of the two pairs of

wings; the hind wings being generally smaller than the fore wings, and of a different form, but all are used in flight. The difference in the size of the fore and hind wings of the Lepidoptera is more marked in the moths than in the butterflies.

In the Hymenoptera, the difference in size of the two pairs of wings becomes still more striking, the fore wings considerably exceeding the hind ones in development; but still here all are useful as organs of flight. This order comprises the various families of wasps, bees, ichneumons, ants, &c., but not the white ants, or Termites, which are Neuropterous insects. But, it may be asked, how can ants, which have no wings, be classed with such insects as bees and wasps, in which those organs are present? The truth is, that the perfect ants, both male and female, are amply provided with wings, but these bear a small proportion to the whole number of inhabitants of the ant-hill, the majority of which are wingless workers, and are termed neuters, being most probably sterile females; and, unlike the workers of the white-ant establishments, they have attained their ultimate state of development, whereas those of the white ants are in their larva or first active state. In the following extract from Mr. Newman, all the tenants of an establishment of yellow ants are exhibited in action, preparatory to the founding of fresh colonies.

In the autumn, we frequently observe one of these hillocks closely covered with a living mass of winged ants, which continue to promenade, as it were, over its entire surface; they mount on every plant in the vicinity of their nest, and the laborers (for now the entire population of the nest has turned out) accompany them as closely as possible, following them to the extreme tip of every blade of grass, and when at length those possessed of wings spread them in preparation for flight, the laborers will often hold them back, as if loath to trust them alone, or desirous of sharing the perils of their trackless course. If the temperature is unfavorable, either from cold or wet, at the period of the grand autumnal production of winged ants, they remain in the nest for several days, until a favorable change in the weather takes place, when the laborers open all the avenues to the exterior, and the winged multitude passes forth at the portals in glittering and iridescent panoply. When the air is warm and still they rise in thousands, and sailing, or rather floating, on the atmosphere, leave forever the scene of their former existence.

Myriads of these flying ants, attracted by the brilliant surface of water illuminated by an autumnal sun, rush into the fatal current, and are seen no more; myriads are devoured by birds; and but a small proportion of the immense swarm which left the nest escapes, and lives to found new colonies. —(Newman, p. 48.)

All the winged males quickly perish after pairing, which takes place in the air. The first care of the female, on descending to the ground, is to select a fit spot for the formation of a nest; this being fixed upon, she divests herself of her wings, now not only useless, but an incumbrance; this she does by twisting them about over her back, pulling them off with her feet, or cutting

them off with her mandibles. This being accomplished she excavates her future dwelling-place, deposits her eggs, attends upon the larvæ and pupæ, and performs all the duties of a careful ant-mother, in which she is assisted by workers, if, as is sometimes the case, a few of them should meet with her; otherwise she is herself the solitary and unaided foundress of the new colony.

Amazingly large swarms of ants are sometimes observed in autumn, and naturally excite the wonder of all unacquainted with the habits of these insects; and even those to whom they are familiar cannot witness without admiration this among other palpable manifestations of insect-prompted actions, tending to the perpetuation of species.

In the Diptera, or tribe of two-winged flies, the hind wings attain their minimum of development, being reduced, in some orders, to mere little knobs, seated on a short pedicel, one under each perfect wing; and in others even these representatives are so small as to be scarcely perceptible. No more familiar examples of this class can be adduced than gnats, crane flies, and house flies; various species of the latter follow man, and domesticate themselves with him wherever he goes; and many of them, in their larva state, are of the greatest service in removing vegetable and animal impurities, which would otherwise accumulate, and become exceedingly offensive.

In the Hemiptera the fore wings begin to yield in importance to the hinder ones, being of a leathery consistence in their basal portions, with the apical part membranaceous; the hind wings are entirely membranous, and are the chief organs of flight. The plant-bugs, to one genus of which order belongs that nocturnal pest, the bed-bug, though destitute of wings, is the typical order of this class, which is separated from the class Orthoptera by certain minute technical characters. In the Orthoptera, the fore wings reach their minimum of development in the order of Forficulites, or earwigs, before mentioned; where they are reduced to little, square, leathery coverings to the hinder wings, which, in these, are alone used in flying, as is also the case with the crickets and mole crickets; in the grasshoppers, locusts, and cockroaches, they are as large as the fore wings, but still partly of the same leathery consistence, and of little use as organs of locomotion.

In the Coleoptera, or beetle tribe, the fore wings completely lose their power of assisting in flight, as well as their membranaceous consistence, being of a hard, crustaceous character, and having for their only office that of protecting the membranaceous hind wings when not in use, and folded up beneath them. To this class belong the May-bugs, the death-watch, and sexton beetle before mentioned; the Spanish fly, or blister-beetle, the lady-bird, the glow-worm, and numbers of others, are also members of this class. In some of its orders the wings are only partially or not at all developed; and the genus *Lampyrus*, or glow-worm, affords an example of the female being entirely without wings, while the male

appears under the form of a perfect winged beetle. The luminous property of the female is allowed by all naturalists; but even at the present day, though the fact has been again and again stated, some entomologists altogether deny the luminosity of the male; and even among those who are inclined to concede to him the possession of lamps, there are some who state that the lights are visible only while the male is at rest, and that they disappear when he is flying. We are able fully to confirm the testimony of those who state the male glow-worm to be luminous, and also to say with confidence that his light is displayed while on the wing; having, on one occasion, had the pleasure of seeing them in great numbers enter an open window, on a warm, moist, summer evening, and fly towards the candles. They alighted upon the table, on the hands, and on the dress of those near the table; the light of each was perfectly apparent in the form of two or four small specks of light, placed towards the extremity of the abdomen; and when the winged rover darted off into the dark part of the room, the points of light were visible for a considerable distance as he receded from view.

There is one curious peculiarity belonging to the glow-worm which should be mentioned; it is luminous in every stage of its existence; egg, larva, and pupa, all displaying the beautiful radiance, although not equally with the perfect insect. This fact tends to cast a doubt upon the hypothesis which would limit the use of the light to the purpose of enabling the male to discover his partner in the dark.

The extensive family of Aphides, or plant-lice, offer many peculiarities deserving notice. The various species are some of the greatest pests to which the gardener, the florist, and the farmer are in this country exposed. The species, for the most part, infest each its particular plant; for example, the Aphis of the hop (*Aphis Humuli*) is not found upon the rose-tree; nor that of the bean (*A. Fabe*) upon the hop. These plant-lice often appear in immense numbers and overrun extensive districts in an incredibly short time. Like White of Selborne, many a lover of flowers has frequently had to lament the almost instantaneous destruction of his honeysuckles, roses, and other favorite plants; which, "one week the most sweet and lovely objects that the eye could behold, would become the next, the most loathsome, being enveloped in a viscous substance, and loaded with Aphides or smother-flies!"

The extraordinary rapidity with which these insects will sometimes overrun a hop-garden, a rose-garden, a bean-field, or other collection of plants that may happen to suit their purposes, affords considerable countenance to the popular belief that they are wafted through the air by a peculiar haze or "blue mist," attendant upon an east wind; and this is sometimes partially true, so far as the autumnal migrations are concerned, but unfortunately for the popular hypothesis, at that time of the year the direct mischief for the season has

been done; the immense swarms of Aphides sometimes seen in autumn, having completed their own share in the work of destruction, have quitted the scene of their former devastations, after depositing the eggs which are to give birth to a fresh brood in the following spring, and most probably quickly perish, though this is a part of their history not yet satisfactorily ascertained. At all events, this seems to agree with facts which have been well established by direct experiment, and with the testimony of authors who have recorded their observations upon the economy of these insects. It is to be regretted that White was not as well acquainted with insects as with birds, or he would most likely have left us some valuable information upon the economy of these "smother-flies." A passage in his "Natural History of Selborne," well describes the immense numbers of Aphides occasionally seen on the wing in their autumnal shifting of quarters; and the date pretty nearly agrees with Professor Rennie's observation, that he had remarked for several successive years that the hop-flies disappear soon after midsummer, though the leaves had been literally covered with them only a few days previously. White says:—

At about three o'clock in the afternoon of this day, [August 1st, 1785] which was very hot, the people of this village [Selborne] were surprised by a swarm of Aphides, or smother-flies, which fell in these parts. Those that were walking in the street at that juncture found themselves covered with these insects, which settled also on the hedges and gardens, blackening all the vegetables where they alighted. My annuals were discolored with them, and the stalks of a bed of onions were quite coated over for six days after. These armies were then, no doubt, in a state of migration, and shifting their quarters; and might have come, as far as we know, from the great hop plantations of Kent or Sussex, the wind being all that day in the easterly quarter. They were observed at the same time in great clouds about Farnham, and all along the lane from Farnham to Alton.—(Letter 53, to Barrington.)

Mr. Kirby also records the annoyance to which he was subjected later in the year by coming in contact with one of these migrant armies in the Isle of Ely; they flew into his eyes, mouth, and nostrils, and completely covered his dress. Similar appearances have not unfrequently been mentioned in the newspapers.

Like the winged ants before spoken of, it is these winged Aphides which are the founders of new colonies, by depositing their eggs in places adapted for their reception; but unlike the ants, the parent Aphides take no further note of their eggs.

The wonder naturally excited by the almost instantaneous appearance of large swarms of Aphides will, in great measure, be dissipated, when it is recollected that they are endowed with an amazing fecundity. The rapidity of their production is indeed enormous; nine generations may descend from a single Aphis in the course of three months.

—this has been proved by experiment—and each generation has been said to average one hundred individuals; so that Réaumur's calculation, that a single female may be the progenitor of 5,004,900,000 descendants during her own life, large as the number is, is probably within the mark. Professor Rennie says that he has counted upwards of a thousand Aphides at a time upon a single hop-leaf; supposing, therefore, each of the thousand to be capable of producing the number of descendants mentioned by Réaumur, we need not resort to the popular belief in the blight-producing property of the east wind to account for the rapidity with which a hop-garden is frequently overrun with a pest, against whose ravages no adequate protection has yet been discovered.

Whatever degree of qualification we may feel inclined to apply to the statements of the rate of increase of Aphides, it is undeniable that they do multiply with extreme rapidity, and their production is attended with circumstances which have no exact parallel in the kingdom. Certain two-winged flies are viviparous; that is, instead of depositing eggs, according to the general law obtaining among insects, their young ones are produced alive, in the form of larvæ or pupæ; but whether eggs are deposited, or living young brought forth, neither mode of increase takes place until the parent flies have paired. Aphides, on the contrary, at certain times of the year, are endowed with the remarkable faculty of producing living young without having previously paired; and this is not confined to the original parent, but is also shared by the descendants for several generations. Bonnet, a French naturalist, took the precaution to isolate some of the first-hatched wingless females of the *Aphis* inhabiting the oak tree, as soon as they were excluded from the egg, and he found, that in the course of three months, nine generations were successively produced in this way, although care was taken that no males should have access to the females. Towards autumn, however, the power of giving birth to a living progeny is lost, and eggs are deposited in the usual way, after pairing, no doubt because they are better adapted to withstand the rigors of winter than living individuals would be; and from these eggs the race is renewed in the following spring.

An accurate observer before quoted, who, under the pseudonyme of *Rusticus*,* used to publish some extremely lively and pleasing descriptions of the every-day proceedings of animals, in a letter on "blights," details the mode of production of Aphides in the following words:—

I have taken a good deal of pains to find out the birth and parentage of true blights; and for this purpose I have watched, day after day, the colonies of them in my own garden, and single ones which I have kept in-doors, and under tumblers turned

upside down; the increase is prodigious; it beats everything of the kind that I have ever seen, heard, or read of. Insects in general come from an egg—then turn to a caterpillar, which does nothing but eat—then to a chrysalis, which does nothing but sleep—then to a perfect beetle or fly, which does nothing but increase its kind. But blights proceed altogether on another system; the young ones are born exactly like the old ones, but less; they stick their beaks through the rind, and begin drawing sap when only a day old, and go on quietly sucking away for days; and then, all at once, without love, courtship, or matrimony, each individual begins bringing forth young ones, and continues to do so for months, at the rate of from a dozen to eighteen every day, and yet continues to increase in size all the while; there seem to be no males, no drones—all bring forth alike. Early in the year these blights are scattered along the stems, but as soon as the little ones come to light, and commence sap-sucking close to their mother, the spaces get filled up, and the old ones look like giants among the rest—as here and there an ox in a flock of sheep—when all the spare room is filled up, and the stalk completely covered. The young ones, on making their first appearance in the world, seem rather posed as to what to be at, and stand quietly on the backs of the others for an hour or so: then, as if having made up their minds, they toddle upwards, walking on the backs of the whole flock till they arrive at the upper end of the shoot, and then settle themselves quietly down, as close as possible to the outermost of their friends, and then commence sap-sucking like the rest; the flock by this means extends in length every day, and at last the growing shoot is overtaken by their multitude, and completely covered to the very tip. Towards autumn, however, the blights undergo a change in their nature, their feet stick close to the rind, their skin opens along the back, and a winged blight comes out—the summer generations being generally wingless. These are male and female, and fly about and enjoy themselves; and, what seems scarcely credible, the winged females lay eggs, and whilst this operation is going on, a solitary, winged blight may be observed on the under side of the leaves, or on the young shoots, particularly on the hop, and differing from all its own progeny in being winged and nearly black, whereas its progeny are green and without wings. These are mysteries which I leave you entomologists to explain. In May, a fly lays a lot of eggs; these eggs hatch and become blights; these blights are viviparous, and that without the usual union of the sexes, and so are their children and grandchildren—the number of births depending solely on the quantity and quality of their food; at last, as winter approaches, the whole generation, or series of generations, assumes wings, which the parents did not possess, undergoes frequently a change in color, and in the spring, instead of being viviparous, lays eggs.—(Letters of *Rusticus*, p. 67.)

To the singular tribe of blights we are now treating on belongs the hop-fly—an insect, which, as *Rusticus* well says, "has more rule over the pockets and tempers of mankind, than any other; its abundance or scarcity being the almost only criterion of a scarcity or abundance in the crops of hops." It is scarcely necessary to allude to the speculative operations which arise from this cause. *Rusticus* contrasts the amount of duty paid in

* We are happy to learn that the delightful papers on Natural History by *Rusticus* have been collected, and are now being printed in a handsome volume, (with illustrations,) from which we have been kindly allowed to make some quotations.

1802, with that paid in 1825 and 1826. The former year was favorable to the increase of the hop-fly, and the duty paid was £15,463 10s. 5d. The fluctuations of the years 1825 and 1826 are so curious, that we quote the passage:—

In 1825, the duty commenced at 130,000*l.*, but, owing to the excessive increase of the fly, had, in July, fallen to 16,000*l.*; at the beginning of September, it rose to 29,000*l.*, but towards the end fell again to 22,000*l.*; the amount paid was 24,317*l.* 0s. 11*d.* In the following year the summer was remarkably dry and hot; we could hardly sleep of nights with the sheets on; the thermometer for several nights continued above 70 degrees all the night through; the crop of hops was immense, scarcely a fly was to be found, and the betted duty, which begun in May, at 120,000*l.*, rose to 265,000*l.*; the old duty actually paid was 269,331*l.* 0s. 9*d.*; the gross duty, 468,401*l.* 16s. 1*d.*, being the largest amount ever known. From this it will appear that, in duty alone, a little, insignificant-looking fly has control over 450,000*l.* annual income to the British treasury; and, supposing the hop-grounds of England capable of paying this duty annually, which they certainly are, it is very manifest, that in 1825, these creatures were the means of robbing the treasury of 426,000*l.* This seems a large sum, but it is not one twentieth part of the sums gained and lost by dealers during the two years in question.—(Letters, p. 75.)

Rusticus, in the following passage, describes some of the curious effects of the attacks of *blights*, or *Aphides*, upon the plants infested by them.

All blights infest the young and juicy shoots and leaves of plants, for the purpose of sap-sucking; and the plants honored by their operations forthwith play the most amusing and incredible vagaries; bearing blossoms instead of leaves, leaves instead of blossoms; twisting into corkscrews stems which ought to be straight, and making straight as sticks those which, as the scarlet-runner and hop, ought to twine; sometimes, as in the peach, making the leaves hump up in the middle, and causing the tree to look as though it had a famous crop of young fruit; making apple-trees bear blossoms on their roots, and causing roots to grow out of their young shoots; and, by tormenting orchards in this way, preventing the fruit from ripening, and making it woolly, tasteless, and without juice. It is amusing to see with what regularity the blights station themselves on the young shoots of the guelder-rose, crowding so close together, that not a morsel of the rind is to be seen, and not unfrequently forming a double tier, or two thicknesses; the poor sprig losing its formal, unbending, upright position, and writhing itself into strange contortions.—(Letters, p. 66.)

Independently of the direct injuries to plants arising from the sap-sucking propensities of *Aphides*, there is another effect produced by them, by which all the old naturalists were exceedingly puzzled. Even White could not account for the "viscous substance" which enveloped his honey-suckles, otherwise than by supposing "that in hot weather the effluvia of flowers in fields and meadows and gardens are drawn up in the day by a brisk evaporation, and then in the night fall down again with the dews, in which they are entan-

gled;" an hypothesis as tenable as that of Pliny, who hesitated whether he should call *honey-dew*, the substance alluded to, "the sweat of the heavens, the saliva of the stars, or the liquid produced by the purgation of the air." Trees and other plants are sometimes greatly disfigured by the quantity of this sweet clammy substance, which not only gives them an unsightly appearance, but prevents the leaves from performing their proper functions. Much has been written upon honey-dew and its origin; some authors have described it as "a peculiar haze or mist, loaded with a poisonous miasm," by which the leaves are stimulated to the morbid secretion of a saccharine and viscid juice; others have ascribed it to electrical causes; and others, again, have believed it to be produced by the leaves of plants, in consequence of their roots being attacked by insects. The truth is, however, that honey-dew is a peculiar syrupy fluid, secreted by *Aphides*, and expelled from their bodies through two short tubes placed on their back. That this is its true origin has been well ascertained. It never occurs on plants on which the *Aphides* are not present at the same time, or which have not been recently infested by them; it is always deposited on the upper side of the leaf; and the insects may be actually observed in the act of expelling it from their tubes. On one occasion we saw this honey-dew falling in such quantities from a cherry-tree trained against a wall, and standing at the proper angle with regard to the sun, that a beautiful little *Iris* was formed in the shower, with all the proper colors, just as a similar bow may be produced at will by directing a stream of water from a garden-engine against a wall, so as to form a fine spray, opposite the sun. Mr. Robert Patterson, in his delightful little book on "The Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakspeare's Plays," relates a circumstance which fell under his own observation. He says—

On a fine day, in the month of September, 1829, when I was visiting the beautiful demesne of Lord Annesley, at Castle-wellan, I noticed a holly-tree, on which a number of wasps were continually alighting, running rapidly over its leaves, and flitting from branch to branch. A number of holly-trees were scattered over the lawn; but not one exhibited the same exhilarating bustle. I sat down beside it, to endeavor to ascertain what peculiar attraction this tree possessed, and soon found that the wasps were not its only visitors. A number of ants were plodding quietly along its twigs and leaves, exhibiting, by their staid and regular deportment, a singular contrast to the rapid and vacillating movements of the wasps. I now discovered that both ants and wasps were attracted by a substance which was plentifully sprinkled over all the leaves—the celebrated honey-dew of the poets. This substance is a secretion deposited by a small insect, which is green upon the rose-tree, and black upon the woodbine, and which entomologists distinguish by the generic name of *Aphis*. The liquid they deposit is perfectly pure, and rivals either sugar or honey in its sweetness. The ants not only suck it up with eagerness, whenever it can be found, but they possess the art of making the *Aphides* yield it by patting them gently with their antennæ; and one particu-

species of ant is said to confine the Aphides in apartments constructed solely for that purpose, to supply them with food, to protect them from danger, and to take, in every respect, as much care of them as we should do of our milch cattle.—(p. 144.)

Strange and almost incredible as this proceeding on the part of the ants may appear, it has been fully verified by accurate observers. One little extract from Rusticus may be quoted in reference to the connection of the ants and Aphides, as well as to show the kind of enemies the latter are exposed to.

You will never find a plant of any kind infested with the Aphis, without also observing a number of ants and lady-birds among them, and also a queer-looking insect, like a fat lizard, which is, in fact, the caterpillar of the lady-bird. The connection of the ants and the Aphis is of the most peaceful kind that can be conceived; their object is the honey-dew which the Aphis emits; and, far from hurting the animal which affords them this pleasant food, they show it the greatest possible attention and kindness—licking it all over with their little tongues, and fondling it, and patting it, and caressing it with their antennæ in the kindest, prettiest way imaginable;—not so the lady-bird, or its lizard-like caterpillar; these feed on the blights most voraciously, a single grub clearing a leaf, on which were forty or more, in the course of a day. The perfect lady-bird is a decided enemy to them, but not so formidable a one as the grub. The eggs of the lady-bird may often be seen on the hop-leaf; they are yellow, and five or six in a cluster placed on their ends; these should on no account be destroyed, as is too often the case, but, on the contrary, every encouragement should be given to so decided a friend to the hop-grower.

Besides the lady-bird and its grub, there are two other terrible enemies of the poor Aphis; one of these is a green, ungainly-looking grub, without legs, which lies flat on the surface of the leaf, and stretches out its neck, just like a leech, till it touches one of them; directly he feels one he seizes it in his teeth, and holds it up, wriggling in the air, till he has sucked all the goodness out of it, and left a mere empty skin. This curious creature turns to a fly which has a body banded with different colors, and which in summer you may often observe under trees and about flowers, standing quite still in the air as though asleep, yet, if you try to catch him, darting off like an arrow. The other has six legs, and very large, strong, curved jaws, and is a most ferocious looking fellow, strutting about with the skins of the blights which he has killed on his back. This fierce fellow comes to a very beautiful fly, with four wings, all divided into meshes, like a net, and two beautiful golden eyes. All these creatures, which thus live on the plant-lice, have a very strong and disagreeable smell in the perfect state.—(Letters of Rusticus, p. 77.)

We must borrow one quotation from the Episodes, showing the equanimity with which the Aphides sustain the attacks of their insect foes.

Let us conclude our "Article on Aphides" with a few distinguishing traits of their personal character and peculiar physiology. "Character! (say you) what scope for the display of character in a little denizen whose world is comprised in a single leaf or flower-bud—who is born but to eat and be

eaten?" Why, it is with reference to the latter point, that very law of its existence which condemns it to be eaten, that our little Aphis exhibits a notable pattern in the virtue of passive endurance and submission to the decrees of fate. Never did Turk bend his neck to the bow-string, or rush upon the scimitar with more perfect composure and *nonchalance*, than does our lamb of the leaf submit itself to the murderous jaws of its lion-like or wolf-like destroyers, seeming perfectly at ease, and enjoying life to the last bite or sup, while its merciless slaughterers are heaping up carcasses around. One of their devourers, indeed, the grub or larva before mentioned of the lace-winged fly, seems to play the part of a wolf in sheep's clothing, dressing itself up in the skins of the slain; but as the composure of the Aphis flock appears equally undisturbed where no such disguise is put on, it would be unfair to suppose they are deceived into philosophy. "But perhaps, (say you,) they are not aware of the presence of their enemies." Possibly not; but yet they seem to have the same organs of perception as other victimized insects, which, under the same circumstances, generally testify alarm, and make vigorous efforts to escape.

And here we must conclude our imperfect and superficial view of an inexhaustible subject. It was our intention to have brought upon the stage other performers, and to have exhibited them in other scenes equally wonderful with those described; we had also prepared some elaborate remarks upon classification and system, intending that the scientific should have followed the popular as a sort of make-weight; but alas!

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.

We have already exceeded our limits, and must here finish our attempts to show that the meanest insect possesses claims to consideration which only require to be seen and understood to be universally acknowledged.

From Chambers' Journal.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

WILLIAM ALLEN, one of the most enlightened and untiring philanthropists of modern times, was the son of Job Allen, a silk manufacturer in Spital-fields, and in youth gave promise of that spirit of enterprise for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen he constructed a telescope to assist himself in the study of astronomy; and, as he mentions, not being "strong in cash," he contrived to make the instrument of pasteboard and lenses, which cost him a shilling. Homely as was the device, he adjusted the glasses so skilfully, that, to his delight, he could discover the satellites of Jupiter. Chemistry was, however, his favorite pursuit; and even when a child, he made frequent experiments in that science. He possessed good natural abilities, but they were not much cultivated by education, for he was employed in his father's business, to which he devoted himself with diligence and attention until his twenty-second year.

In 1792 he entered into partnership with Joseph

Curney Bevan, in a chemical establishment in London, and now his pursuits were congenial to his tastes. Success attended his professional labors; but his diligence did not by any means prevent his attention to general science, nor obstruct the operation of an earnest philanthropy. William Allen was a member of the Society of Friends, and that is almost saying that his views were practical, and directed to social improvement. Blessed with a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he seems from the beginning of his career to have invented and wrought out schemes of human amelioration. To *do good*, not merely to talk about it, was the leading feature of his energetic character. Shortly after beginning business, he, in connection with Astley Cooper, Dr. Babington, Joseph Fox, and others, formed a philosophical society; and he talks in his diary of "sitting up all night preparing for lectures and making experiments." He was introduced in 1794 to Clarkson; and the unity of feeling subsisting between them cemented a friendship which lasted for half a century. Mr. Bevan retired from business three years subsequent to the period at which Mr. Allen entered the firm, and the young man then became leading partner. He married, and we now see him happy and prosperous; his duties were his delight; and domestic love shed its hallowed influence on his path. Brief, however, was the duration of felicity; for, ten months after his marriage, death deprived him of his amiable partner, and left him with a motherless infant. This sad event for a time so completely unhinged him, that he was unable to continue his favorite pursuits. It did not, however, deaden his sympathies, for in 1797, in conjunction with a Mr. William Phillips, he formed what was long known as "The Spitalfields Soup Society," to which he gave up all his energies. In March, 1798, the name of William Allen appears also on a list of the committee of "The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor;" and these societies proved highly beneficial at a time when bread was sevenpence-halfpenny a loaf. But his benevolence was not confined to public charities, for he was daily seen entering the abodes of misery, and devoting himself to other labors of love. It was, however, for a time only that his ardor in the pursuit of scientific investigation was checked; for, two years after, he resumed his labors in that branch of knowledge with renewed vigor. It is not generally desirable for a young man, who is anxious to succeed in one particular department of science, to divide his attention among others; but we can scarcely quarrel with William Allen, though we find him one day with Astley Cooper and Dr. Bradley trying experiments in respiration; another with Humphry Davy making discoveries in electricity; on a third, freezing quicksilver with muriate of lime, &c., with his friend Pepys; and, on the following, with Dr. Jenner and others making observations on the cow-pox. About this time, too, he entered rather deeply into the study of botany, gained some knowledge of drawing, engaged a tutor to assist him in mathematics, improved him-

self in French and German, and made further observations in astronomy, besides aiding in the formation of geological and mineralogical societies, and becoming a member of the Board of Agriculture, where he gave frequent lectures. From this time his public engagements were so numerous, that we can here only glance at them. We are astonished, as we proceed, to find that a comparatively humble individual, in the course of a brief life, was enabled to accomplish such a vast amount of good as he effected.

In 1801, Mr. Allen became a lecturer at the Askesian Society, (the name now given to the Philosophical Society before-mentioned.) The next year he joined the Linnæan Society, and lectured on chemistry at Guy's Hospital. The year following he was elected one of the presidents at Guy's, and by the advice of friends, accepted an invitation from the Royal Institution, of which he was a member, to become one of their lecturers. In 1804 he gave (in the whole) as many as 108 lectures. He had now all but reached the pinnacle of fame, and wealth and honors lay temptingly before him. It is obvious, however, that his object was not self-aggrandizement or worldly applause, but that his motives were purely disinterested; for we find him devoting his property, talents, and health wholly to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. In 1805 he joined the committee formed by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, for the abolition of the slave trade. This iniquitous traffic had long drawn forth his warmest sympathies; and, when quite young, he made a resolution never to use sugar (which was procured principally by the labor of negroes) until the freedom of the slaves was secured. This enthusiasm continued for forty-three years. Nor was his heart less feelingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. He recognized the claims of "a man and a brother," however low he had sunk in wretchedness and vice, and bent his energies to the reformation of the criminal code, especially to the subject of punishment by death. For this object a party of seven gentlemen dined together at his house in Plough Court in July, 1808, and formed themselves into a society. The punishment of death was at that time inflicted for very slight offences. In 1813 we find him interesting himself for a young man who, being convicted of jumping in at a window, and stealing certain articles of very little value, was condemned to death. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the subject:—"Shall a person—to whom, be it remembered, society has failed in its duty, by suffering him to grow up in ignorance—for the crime of stealing to the amount of a few shillings, and without any aggravating circumstances, suffer the very same punishment which you inflict upon him who has been guilty of the most barbarous murder, and, in short, endure the greatest punishment which one human being can inflict upon another? To reform the guilty, and to restore them as useful members of the community, is a glorious triumph of humanity, and marks a state

rising in the scale of civilization; but to have no other resource than the punishment of death, reminds me of the miserable subterfuge of a barbarous age, barren in expedients to save, strong only to destroy." It is gratifying to state that the application was successful. In the same year Mr. Allen became treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society; and the affairs of Joseph Lancaster were now in such a state of embarrassment, that a vigorous effort was necessary to prevent this excellent institution from falling to the ground, notwithstanding the indefatigable labors of its worthy founder. His heart was set on this new undertaking, for in his diary he says: "Of all the concerns that I have anything to do with, the Lancastrian lies the most heavily on my mind." This school business brought him into frequent communication with different members of the royal family, who had become its patrons. Among these was the Duke of Kent; and his royal highness conceived such a strong regard for him, that he ever treated him as a confidential and attached friend.

In 1813 we find our philanthropist forming fresh plans of benevolence in the erection of savings-banks. To a friend at Bristol he writes: "Hast thou turned thy attention to the subject of a bank for the poor, in which their little savings of three-pence or sixpence a week might accumulate for their benefit? I have consulted Morgan, the great calculator, and he is to sketch me a plan."

These plans were carried into effect three years after. The same year, from a pure desire to improve the condition of the poor, he united with the schemes which Robert Owen was then carrying out at Lanark. He was urged to this step by the solicitations of his friends; but it subsequently caused him much distress of mind, owing to the very opposite views which he and Mr. Owen held on the subject of religion. In the February of 1814, Wilberforce interested Allen and Clarkson for the Lascars and Chinese; and with them sought and obtained permission to visit the barracks at Ratcliff, where two hundred of those unhappy creatures were living in a most deplorable condition. The Lascars' Society was in consequence formed for their relief. Mr. Allen also associated himself with the Peace Society; and when the allied sovereigns visited London, a deputation from the Society of Friends presented addresses to them. The address of the Emperor of Russia was sent to Count Lieven, and on the day following Mr. Allen waited on that nobleman, to make arrangements for its presentation. Greatly to his astonishment, instead of a ceremonious reception, the count was awaiting his arrival in his carriage. Having invited him to enter, he said that the emperor had expressed a desire to attend a Friends' meeting, and proposed that they should therefore embrace the present opportunity. They accordingly drove off to Count Nesselrode's, where the emperor, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Duke of Wurtemberg joined them, and they rode together to the nearest meeting-house then open for devotion. The good

people were no doubt surprised at this unexpected arrival; but there was no commotion. The strangers took their seats along with the rest of the congregation; and, when the meeting broke up, expressed themselves pleased with their visit.

The year 1815 is marked by fresh labors in the cause of benevolence. Allen's ever-active mind now projected an institution for the reformation of juvenile criminals; and, in the ensuing year, in the midst of these numerous engagements, he brought out a journal, entitled "The Philanthropist," the object of which was to show that each individual may in some measure alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and add to the amount of human happiness. In 1816 he entered upon another new and important sphere of usefulness, which was visits to the different European countries, for the purpose of ascertaining, from personal inquiry, the state of prison discipline, and examining into the subjects of national education, the condition of the poor, and liberty of conscience. After such investigations, he proceeded to the various courts, and made known his observations, at the same time suggesting such improvements as were deemed necessary to the case. He was in most instances well received, though he sometimes had to contend with strong opposition from those who thought knowledge too powerful an instrument to be placed in the hands of the mass. He brought forth arguments showing the fallacy of this idea, and proving that ignorance is an insurmountable barrier to the progress of morality and civilization. He also strongly maintained the rights of conscience, asserting that "the business of civil governors is the protection of the people in their rights and privileges; but that they have nothing to do in matters of religion, provided that the good order of the community is not disturbed." The first of these journeys was taken in company with several friends. After crossing to Calais, they passed through Belgium and Holland into Germany and Switzerland. At Geneva Mr. Allen experienced a severe shock in the death of his second wife. He deeply felt her loss, and soon after returned to his native land. His second tour was commenced in August, 1818. He was then accompanied by Mr. Stephen Grellet. Their first mission was to Norway, and from thence they passed into Sweden. At Stockholm they had a private interview with the king, to whom they had previously sent an address on the important subjects before-mentioned. As their salutation on parting was rather uncommon, we will give the account from his diary. "The king was most kind and cordial. While I was holding his hand to take leave, in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheeks for me to kiss, first one, then the other. He took the same leave of Stephen and Enöck, [friends who were with him,] and commended himself to our prayers." The party then embarked for Finland, and journeyed on to St. Petersburg. The emperor was absent when they arrived at the Russian cap-

ital; but they were kindly received by the royal family and their court. Alexander returned shortly after, and he showed that his professions of regard when in England were sincere, by receiving them without ceremony, and by treating them with the warmth and confidence of friendship. The following spring they left St. Petersburg for Moscow, and after passing through Tartary and Greece, returned home through Italy and France.

A third journey, in 1822, was undertaken principally from a desire to interest the Emperor Alexander in the abolition of slavery, and to plead the cause of the poor Greeks. They had several interviews at Vienna, and the emperor entered warmly into Allen's benevolent projects. Alexander was himself going to Verona, and he urged our philanthropist to visit that place. Here again they met—met for the last time on earth. Their parting was touching, for difference of station and the formalities of a court were overlooked in the warm gushing feelings of affection. They continued in conversation for some hours, being, to use his own words, "both loath to part. It was," he goes on to say, "between nine and ten o'clock when I rose. He (the emperor) embraced and kissed me three times, saying, 'Remember me to your family; I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!'" Mr. Canning had desired the British minister at Turin to make inquiries into the real state of the Waldenses, who were suffering severe persecution. Mr. Allen, who had proceeded thither on leaving Verona, agreed to accompany that gentleman into the valleys, and in consequence of the report they gave, some important privileges were granted.

In 1825 he established a School of Industry at Lindfield near Brighton; and about the same time (in conjunction with the late John Smith, M. P.) made trial of a plan he had long had in contemplation—a Cottage Society, now entitled "The Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes." He was desirous of introducing this plan into Ireland, and we cannot forbear giving the following amusing letter from Miss Edgeworth on the subject. After expressing her fears that the scheme would be found impracticable in the present state of the Irish peasantry, she says:—"Your dairy plans, for instance, which have succeeded so well in Switzerland, would not do in this country, at least not without a century's experiments. Paddy would fall to disputing with the dairyman, would go to law with him for his share of the common cow's milk, or for her *trespassing*, or he would pledge his eighth or sixteenth part of her for his rent, or a bottle of whiskey, and the cow would be pounded, and repledged, and re-pounded, and bailed, and canted, and things impossible for you to foresee—perhaps impossible for your English imagination to conceive—would happen to the cow and the dairyman. In all your attempts to serve my poor dear countrymen, you would find that, whilst you were *demonstrating* to them what would be their greatest advantage, they would be always making out

a short cut—not a royal road, but a bog road—to their own by-objects. Paddy would be most grateful, most sincerely grateful to you, and would bless your honor, and your honor's honor, with all his heart; but he would nevertheless not scruple, on every practicable occasion, to—to—to cheat, I will not say, that is a coarse word—but to circumvent you. At every turn you would find Paddy trying to walk round you, begging your honor's pardon—hat off, bowing to the ground to you—all the while laughing in your face, if you found him out; and if he outwitted you, loving you all the better for being such an innocent. Seriously, there is no doubt that the Irish people would learn honesty, punctuality, order, and economy, with proper motives, and proper training, in due time; but do not leave *time* out of your account. Very sorry should I be, either in jest or earnest, to discourage any of that enthusiasm of benevolence which animates you in their favor; but as Paddy himself would say, 'Sure it is better to be disappointed in the beginning than the end.' Each failure in attempts to do good in this country discourages the friends of humanity, and encourages the railers, scoffers, and croakers, and puts us back in hope perhaps half a century. Therefore think before you begin, and begin upon a small scale, which you may extend as you please afterwards."

In 1826 Mr. Allen discontinued his lectures at Guy's Hospital, and his farewell address to the students was printed. It was so beautiful and appropriate, that it would be well if it had a wider circulation. The following year he was married a third time to a widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. His choice was again a happy one, and tended to gild his declining days. This lady died before him, eight years after their union. He now spent a great part of his time at a small house near Lindfield, in the midst of the cottages for the poor he had been instrumental in erecting. It was his favorite retreat from the fatigue and bustle of public life. He had not, however, finished his career of usefulness. In 1832 he took another journey, which embraced Holland, Hanover, Prussia, and Hungary; and in 1833 he crossed the Pyrenees, and visited Spain for the same objects as before.

We cannot pass over a passage in his history which, though trifling, shows his character as truly as his public acts of benevolence. When upwards of seventy, he was obliged, from weakness, to discontinue those labors which had so long been his delight. To avoid the temptations to impatience often felt after a life of activity, and also with the idea of being useful, he endeavored to make acquaintance with all the young people in his neighborhood, and devoted much time to their instruction and amusement; thus, like the setting sun, he shed light and beauty to the last. His health gradually declined, and his death, which was peaceful, took place on the 30th of December, 1843.

Few rise to the honors, and fewer still to the usefulness, which William Allen attained. Tal-

ent and fortuitous circumstances aided his progress; but the secret of his success was steadiness of purpose and unwearied industry. His labors were systematic, which prevented either loss of time or confusion; and the strong sense of duty, which was the spring of all his actions, kept him from turning giddy with applause. His life teaches a useful lesson, and his example is not the least benefit he has conferred on the world. "He being dead yet speaketh."

From Chambers' Journal.

JOHN FOSTER, THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN FOSTER, whose essays are justly ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day, was born in 1770, in the Vale of Todmorden, whose serene beauties, and the quiet associations of humble life, may be said to have moulded his retiring habits and vigorous cast of thought. Like Hall, Mr. Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation; and after running his useful course, he died in 1843, at Stapleton, near Bristol, where he had resided for the last thirty years of his life.

Further than these few particulars, it is unnecessary to say anything biographically of Foster. The remarkable thing about him was his ardent and pure *thinking*. If ever there was a man who may be said, in the language of the old paradox, to have been "never less alone than when alone, and never more occupied than when at leisure," that man was John Foster. The exercises of the Christian ministry, in which a considerable portion of his life was engaged, were conducted for the most part in a noiseless manner, and in the shadiest nooks of the field of labor; so that when his now celebrated essays came forth to the public, they were to all but a few virtually anonymous publications. No one who has deeply acquainted himself with these admirable productions, will need to have repeated to him that profound labors thought was the business of Foster's life; and the absence of this mental habitude in others, especially in those who occupied the more conspicuous positions in society, was often lamented by him with a bitterness which might almost have been mistaken for misanthropy.

This habit of mind showed itself in a remarkable manner both in his ministerial exercises and in his ordinary conversation. The character of both were such, as to impress upon the hearer the notion that he was merely thinking aloud. There was no physical animation or gesture, none of that varied intonation which commonly graduates the intensity of excitement. He threw out all the originality of his views, and the boundless variety of his illustrations, in a deep monotonous tone, which seemed the only natural vehicle for such weighty, comprehensive conceptions. This was only varied by an earnest emphasis, so frequent in every sentence, as to show how many modifying expressions there were which it was necessary to keep in distinct view, in order fully to realize the idea of the speaker. It may be

added here, though it would be impossible, in a brief sketch like the present, to touch upon such a subject otherwise than in passing, that the same peculiarity is obvious in all his published productions. To a superficial reader their style might seem loaded and redundant, but on closer examination, it will be found that this unusual copiousness of modifying epithets and clauses arose from that fullness of thought, and consequent necessity for compression, which compelled him, if he must prescribe limits to his composition, to group in every sentence, and around every main idea, a multitude of attendant ones, which a more diffuse writer would have expanded into paragraphs. Hence his writings are not really *obscure*, but only *difficult*, demanding the same vigorous exertion of thought in the reader which is exercised in the writer. The observation, therefore, of the late Robert Hall, in his well-known review of Foster's Essays, appears to be more ingenious and beautiful than critically correct. The error, however, if it be such, might almost have been expected from so perfect a master of the euphonous style as Mr. Hall—a writer who, in the words of Dugald Stewart, combined all the literary excellencies of Burke, Addison, and Johnson. "The author," says Mr. Hall, "has paid too little attention to the construction of his sentences. They are for the most part too long, sometimes involved in perplexity, and often loaded with redundancies. They have too much of the looseness of a harangue, and too little of the compact elegance of regular composition. An occasional obscurity pervades some parts of the work. The mind of the writer seems at times to struggle with conceptions too mighty for his grasp, and to present confused masses rather than distinct delineations of thought. This is, however, to be imputed to the originality, not the weakness, of his powers. The scale on which he thinks is so vast, and the excursions of his imagination are so extended, that they frequently carry him into the most unbeaten track, and among objects where a ray of light glances in an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole."

Reference has been made to the solitary habits of Mr. Foster's life. It must not be supposed, however, that he was, to use his own expression, the "grim solitaire." He chose as the partner of his retirement a lady whose talents and force of character he ever held in high and deserved respect. It is generally believed that when Mr. Foster proposed to her that union which subsequently took place, she declared that she would marry no one that had not distinguished himself in the literature of his day, and Foster's Essays in "Letters to a Friend" were the *billets-doux* of this extraordinary courtship. It is amusing to recollect that after the first evening which Foster spent in company with his future wife, he described her as a "marble statue surrounded with iron palisades."

The high walls with which his residence at Stapleton was surrounded, and which permitted

not a glimpse of the house or garden, seemed to proclaim inaccessibility, and to say to the visitor, as plainly as walls can speak, "No admittance." No sooner, however, were these difficulties surmounted by the good offices of an old servant, who seemed a sort of natural appendage to her master, than a charming contrast was felt between the prohibitory character of the residence and the impressive but delightful affability of the occupant. His only hobby was revealed by the first glance at his apartments. The choicest engravings met the eye in every direction, which, together with a profusion of costly illustrated works, showed that if our hermit had in other respects left the world behind him, he had made a most self-indulgent reservation of the arts.

But the great curiosity of the house was a certain mysterious apartment, which was not entered by any but the recluse himself perhaps once in twenty years; and if the recollection of the writer serves him, the prohibition must have extended in all its force to domestics of every class. This was the library. Many entreaties to be favored with the view of this seat of privacy had been silenced by allusions to the cave of Trophonius, and in one instance to Erebus itself, and by mock solemn remonstrances, founded on the danger of such enterprises to persons of weak nerves and fine sensibilities. At length Mr. Foster's consent was obtained, and he led the way to his previously uninvaded fastness—an event so unusual, as to have been mentioned in a letter which is published in the second volume of his "Life and Correspondence." The floor was occupied by scattered garments, rusty firearms, and a hillock of ashes from the grate which might well be supposed to have been the accumulation of a winter, while that which ought to have been the writing-desk of the tenant was furnished with the blackened remains of three dead pens and a dry inkstand by way of cenotaph.

Around this grotesque miscellany was ranged one of the selectest private libraries in which it was ever the good luck of a bibliomaniac to revel. The choicest editions of the best works adorned the shelves, while stowed in large chests were a collection of valuable illustrated works in which the book-worm, without a metaphor, was busy in his researches. A present of Coleridge's "Friend" from the book-shelves is retained by the writer as a trophy of this sacrilegious invasion.

It will readily be supposed, from what has been said of the secluded habits of Mr. Foster, that the intercourse of friendship must have been greatly sustained by means of correspondence. From the frequency of personal and private references in letters, a large proportion of such compositions must in all cases be withheld from the public eye, from ordinary motives of delicacy. Happily, however, without any violation of this decorum, a large body of Mr. Foster's correspondence has been given to the world, the perusal of which by those who were not privileged with his friendship, must have mingled a more tender feeling with the

admiration excited by his genius. The unrepressed exudation of his nature in these compositions invests them with the same charm which has been noticed as attaching to his conversation, which we have designated as "thinking aloud." His accessibility by the young was one of the most beautiful features in his character, and will remind those of Mr. Burke, who are acquainted with the more private habits of his life. The exquisite and redundant kindness of his letters to young friends is perfectly affecting, and shows how necessarily simplicity and condescension are the attributes of true intellectual and moral greatness.

It would be next to impossible to convey to any one who was not acquainted with Mr. Foster a correct impression of his personal appearance. His dress was uncouth, and neglected to the last degree. A long gray coat, almost of the fashion of a dressing gown; trousers which seemed to have been cherished relics of his boyhood, and to have quarrelled with a pair of gaiters, an intervening inch or two of stocking indicating the disputed territory; shoes whose solidity occasionally elicited from the wearer a reference to the equipments of the ancient Israelites; a colored silk handkerchief, loosely tied about his neck, and an antique waistcoat of most uncanonical hue—these, with an indescribable hat, completed the philosopher's costume. In his walks to and from the city of Bristol (the latter frequently by night) he availed himself at once of the support and protection of a formidable club, which, owing to the difficulty with which a short dagger in the handle was released by a spring, he used jocosely to designate as a "member of the Peace Society." So utterly careless was he of his appearance, that he was not unfrequently seen in Bristol during the hot weather walking with his coat and waistcoat over his arm.

This eccentricity gave rise to some curious mistakes. On one occasion, while carrying some articles of dress, in the dusk of the evening, to the cottage of a poor man, he was accosted by a constable, who, from his appearance, suspected they were stolen, some depredations of the kind having been recently committed in the neighborhood. Mr. Foster conducted the man to the seat of an opulent gentleman, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening; and the confusion of the constable may be easily imagined when he was informed of the name of his prisoner, who dismissed him with hearty praise for his diligence and fidelity.

His was one of those countenances which it is impossible to forget, and yet of which no portrait very vividly reminds us. His forehead was a triumph to the phrenologist, and surrounded as it was by a most uncultivated wig, might suggest the idea of a perpendicular rock crowned with straggling verdure; while his calm but luminous eye, deeply planted beneath his massive brow, might be compared to a lamp suspended in one of its caverns. In early life, his countenance, one would suppose, must have been strikingly beauti-

ful; his features being both regular and commanding, and his complexion retaining to the last that fine but treacherous hue which probably indicated the malady that terminated his life. His natural tendency to solitary meditation never showed itself more strikingly than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found shortly after he had expired in a composed and contemplative attitude, as if he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world.

QUAKER LOVE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

MANY years ago I spent a day in the town of Elm's Cross, and although no adventure befell me there to fix the place in my memory, I see it before me at this moment as distinctly as that picture on the wall. I had an impression all that day, however erroneous, that it was Sunday. There was a Sunday silence in the streets, a Sunday gravity in the passers-by, a Sunday order and cleanliness in their habiliments. The lines of houses were ranged with the most sober decorum, and the little lawns which many of them possessed were laid out with the square and compass. The trees were not beautiful, but neat, for nature was not indulged in any of her freaks at Elm's Cross; and indeed it seemed to me that the very leaves had a peculiarly quiet green, and the flowers a reserved smell. The majority of the better class of the inhabitants of this town were Friends; and it appeared—if my imagination did not run away with me—that, through the influence of wealth and numbers, they had been able to impress the external characteristics of their society upon the whole place.

But no; my imagination could not have run away with me; for the moment imagination enters Elm's Cross, it is taken into custody as a vagrant, and kept in durance during its sojourn. There one loses the faculty of day-dreaming; and, although I was a young fellow at the time, half-crazy with sentiment and love of adventure, even the fair Quakers, some of whom were beautiful, in spite of their bonnets, had no more effect upon me than so many marble statues. But perhaps it will give a better idea of the spirit of the place, if I say that the only one of them on whom I bestowed a second look had arrived at that time of life when the controversy begins as to whether a woman should be reckoned a young or an old maid.

This middle-aged person (not to use the offensive expression offensively) was, like all Quakers when they are beautiful, beautiful to excess. Retaining an exquisite complexion, even when her hair was beginning to change, she seemed a personification of the autumnal loveliness which makes one forget that of the spring and summer. Her voice, mellowed by time, was better calculated to linger in the ear than the lighter tones of youth; and it harmonized well with her soft, dove-like eyes,

That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon.

Yet there was no feeling in this love, such as we of the world demand in the love of her sex; the richness of her cheek was as cold as the bloom of a flower; and as, with noiseless step, and demure, nun-like air, she glided past, I felt as if I had seen a portrait walk out of its frame, a masterly imitation of woman, but only an imitation.

This was why I turned round and looked at her again; and as I looked, a kind of pity rose in my inexperienced heart that one so fair should pass through life unstirred by its excitements, untouched by its raptures, even untroubled with its sorrows. As the novelty wore off, I hated the cold formal air of everything around; the atmosphere chilled me; the silence disturbed me; and the next morning I was glad to launch again upon the stormy world, and leave this lonely oasis to its enchanted repose.

Some time after, when giving the history of this day to a friend, who proved to be personally acquainted with the place and people, he told me that the lady on whom I had looked twice had been for many years not only the reigning beauty of Elm's Cross, but the benevolent genius of the town and neighborhood; and he related a passage in her early life which made me qualify a little my opinion as to the passionless tranquillity of her feelings, and the uneventful blank of her history. Not that the thing can be called an adventure, that the incident has any intermixture of romance—that would be absurd. It passed over her heart like a summer cloud, which leaves the heavens as bright and serene as before; but somehow or other it infused a suspicion in my mind, that however staid the demeanor and decorous the conduct, human nature is everywhere alike—that the difference is not in the feelings, but their control.

Her father was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, and Martha Hargrave was an only child, the expectant heiress of his fortune, and likewise possessed, in her own right, of £5000, safely invested. In such circumstances, it may be supposed that when she grew up from the child into the girl she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculative mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own society—for Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of Friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son; the former an early intimate of Mrs. Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which, by means of close economy, she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a mother's dotting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that a penniless boy thought as he did of the Quaker heiress, may seem a mystery; but it must be recollected that the con-

ventional distinctions of society make little impression upon children brought up together upon terms of equality. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister, till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brims of the young Quakers; and even when the fact at length forced itself upon him that she was rich, and he poor, that she rolled in a carriage, and he walked on foot, that her parents were among the first people in the place, and his only one a solitary and almost indigent widow, the encouragement of his fond and unreflecting mother, and of his own gallant heart, triumphed over the misgivings of prudence; and the affection of the boy was suffered to ripen, unchecked, into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Richard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl. Her step became less buoyant, her glance less free, her speech less frank, her air more reserved; and as time wore on, Richard occasionally paused in the midst of one of his sallies, and looked at her in surprise, in a kind of awe, as if he already felt a foreshadowing of the approach of majestic womanhood. But nevertheless, when he came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalism, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing in his face with a look of girlish fondness, that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years—perhaps forever—for his mother was to accompany him; and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings; and perhaps if Martha had been in one of her grand moments, he might have dared to appeal to the growing woman in her heart. But she appeared to him on this occasion so young, so gentle, so delicate, that he would have thought it a profanation to talk to her of love. As the moment of parting arrived, he drew her towards him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist; and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared. He did not know, when in the morning the stage-coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room of that house watching the vehicle as it rolled away, till it was prematurely lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London; but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since, at the end of only three years, he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval; but I need not

say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character. Richard was not only interested, but likewise in some degree amused, by the transmutation of the young girl into the demure and circumspect Quaker. In essentials, however, she was not altered, but improved and exalted; and even her physical beauty acquired a new character of loveliness as the development of her moral feelings went on. But over all, there was what seemed to the young man, now that he was accustomed to the common world, an iciness of manner, which repelled his advances; and he continued to love on without daring to disclose the secret of his bosom. What matter? It was no secret to her whom it concerned; for friend Martha, with all her demureness, had a woman's heart and a woman's eyes. At the end of the three years I have mentioned Mrs. Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, and a thousand misgivings, his characteristic daring prevailed; and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he enclosed the letter, open, in a briefer one to her father, and dispatched the fateful missive.

The reply came from Mr. Hargrave. It was cold, calm, decisive. He was obliged by the good opinion entertained by his young friend of his daughter, but Martha had altogether different views. Setting aside the oppositeness of their circumstances and position in this world, which would in itself be an insurmountable objection, their religious views were not so much alike as was necessary in the case of two persons pressing forward, side by side, to the world which is to come. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rational-minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and, when his fortune permitted it, select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production; and he wrote at once to Mr. Hargrave to say that his daughter was now old enough to decide for herself, and that he could not think of receiving at second hand a reply involving the happiness or misery of his whole life. On the following day he would present himself at his house in Elm's Cross, in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed across the Dutch-like lawn of the house, with its drilled shrubs and flowers describing mathematical figures on its level green, and ascended the steps, as white as driven snow, his hand trembled as he

raised the knocker, and he felt his heart die within him. The sound he made startled him by its incongruous want of measure, and he looked round timidly, as if he had committed an indecorum. When the respectable middle-aged servant marshalled him up stairs to the drawing-room, he followed the man with deference, as if he had something to say in the decision. The room was empty, and he stood for some time alone, looking round upon the walls, the furniture, the books, the flowers, and reading in them all the ruin of his hopes. There was an unostentatious richness in that room, a method in its arrangement, a calm assumption of superiority, which made him quail. The answer he had come to demand was before him. It spoke to him even in the whispered cadence of the trees beyond the open window, and the unhurried entrance of the air into the apartment, loaded with faint sweets from the garden. The loneliness in which he stood seemed strange to his excited imagination, and the silence oppressed him; and when at length the door slowly opened, unaccompanied by the sound of a footfall, he started in nervous tremor, as if he expected to behold the entrance of a spirit.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door, glided composedly up to Richard, and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable; and as he saw, in the first place, that she was paler than formerly, and, in the second, that a slight color rose into her face under his searching gaze, he was sufficiently reassured to address her.

"Martha," he said, "did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you. Was it not so?"

"Nay, Richard."

"Then you knew, even before I dared to speak, that I loved you with all the guilelessness of my infancy, all the fire of my youth, and all the deep, earnest, concentrated passion of my manhood. Do you know of the reply my letter received?"

"Yea, Richard."

"And you sanctioned it?"

"In meaning," but here her voice slightly faltered; "if the words were unkind, be thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart."

"Then I was deceived in supposing—for I did indulge the dream—that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom! That interest belongs to another!"

"I never had a dearer friendship than thine," said Martha; and raising her eyes to his, she added, after a pause, in the clear, distinct, silvery tone, which was the character of her voice, "and never shall!"

"Yet you reject and spurn me! This is torture! It cannot be that the difference in our worldly circumstances weighs with you; I know you better, Martha. Neither can you suppose that on my part there is the slightest tinge of mercenary feeling, for you know me better. Will you not give me at least hope? There are fortunes to

make in the world that would satisfy even your father; we are both young; and to win you, my precious love, I would grudge neither time, nor sweat, nor blood!"

"Richard," said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, "no more of this, in mercy to thyself—and me. Thou mayest agitate and unnerve, but never change my purpose."

"What is your purpose?"

"To honor my father and my mother."

"That you may enjoy long life in the land!" said Richard with a bitter smile.

"That I may honor through them my heavenly Father, who is above all. Farewell, my early friend; return into the world, where thou wilt forget Martha, and may the All-wise direct thy course!" She extended her hand to him as she spoke, and he grasped it like a man in a dream. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone. He felt that expostulation was vain, and would be unmanly; and as she walked away, with her noiseless and measured step, and her hands folded before her, he felt indignation struggling with admiring and despairing love. The figure paused for an instant at the door; but the next moment Martha disappeared without turning her head.

Richard never knew, neither can I tell, whether any one watched the stage-coach that day from the upper window. Not even a prying servant could whisper anything of Martha, or guess at the nature of the interview that had taken place. She was pale, it is true, but so had she been for some time. Her health, it appeared, was not good; her appetite was gone; her limbs feeble. But this would go off, for her manner was as usual. She was assiduous in the discharge of her duties, kind to every one, loving and reverential to her parents. Still she was not well, and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering-place to watering-place; they amused her with strange sights; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. She repaid their cares with smiles, talked to them cheerfully, and did all she could to seem and to be happy. But still she was not well; and when many months had passed away, the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the following communication received in reply to a letter from Mr. Hargrave:—

"RESPECTED FRIEND—The inquiry thou directedst has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our Society) to whom the young man is well known, and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is wise beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits in his private life, and is an energetic and persevering man of business, and will, I have no doubt, get on in the world. That this is the opinion of my

friend is clear, for I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife, who will bring her husband a good dowry, as well as a comely person. But Richard, when I saw him last, was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in the company of the maid, seemed pre-occupied—doubtless by business. Since writing these lines, I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days, to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs, the last remaining link of his connection with the place.—I am, respected friend, &c.,

"EZEKIEL BROWN."

This letter determined Mr. Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple; and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved, to the unbounded joy of the parents, that as yet she had no organic disease.

For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. It seemed as if joy had more effect than grief in unsettling the demure Quaker, for at the slightest sound from the lawn or the street the color mounted into her face. At length an acquaintance, when calling in the evening, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

"Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?" Martha nodded.

"He is grown so comely and so manly, thou wouldst hardly know him."

"He will call here, peradventure!" said the mother.

"Nay. He has already taken his place in the coach for to-morrow." Martha grew pale; and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a friendly note from Mr. Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing-room, his manner was very different from what it had been on the last occasion. He was now calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; and he waited for the appearance of his inviter with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr. Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition in surprise and agitation. The color that rose into her face, and made her more beautiful than ever, prevented him from seeing that she had been ill; and when she held out her hand, the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary that he did not discover its attenuation. A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time, hardly interrupted by common questions and monosyllabic replies; till at length Richard remarked that, his place being taken, he could wait no longer, but should hope to be favored with Mr. Hargrave's commands in writing. He was about to withdraw, with a ceremonious bow, when Martha stepped forward.

"Richard," said she, "I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I will speak without concealment. Tarry yet a while, for I have that to say which, peradventure,

may make thee consider thy place in the coach a light sacrifice."

"How?"

"Richard," she continued, "thou didst once woo me for thy wife, and wert rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it?" and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. "Wert thou to ask again, dear friend, the answer might be different!"

So long a silence ensued after this speech, that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly, and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love; nothing but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

"Man! what meaneth this?" cried Martha, rushing towards him; but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lip.

"Ruin—misery—horror! But not for you," added Richard, "cold and beautiful statue! Not for you, beneath whose lovely bosom there beats not a woman's heart! Pass on your way, calm, stately and alone; softened by no grief, touched by no love, and leave me to my despair. Martha, I am married!" And so saying, he rushed out of the room. Mrs. Hargrave had just entered it unobserved, and now stood beside her daughter. Martha remained in the same attitude, leaning forward, gazing intently at the door, till the noise of the street door shutting smote upon her ear and her heart, and before her mother could interpose, she fell senseless on her face.

It is said, and said truly, that men recover more speedily than women from love disappointments. The reason is, not that they feel them less deeply, for the converse is the case—the strength of the male character running through all its emotions—but that the cares and struggles of life, and even the ordinary contact with society into which they are forced, serve gradually to detach their thoughts from the sorrow over which they would otherwise continue to brood. Women, at least in the class affected most by such disappointments, have more leisure than men. The world has fewer demands upon them; and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve by making wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Martha Hargrave. Although stunned at first by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position, and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to lie buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society; and wherever, within the reach of her influence, there was ignorance to be instructed, vice reclaimed, or misery relieved, there was Martha ready, a ministering angel at the moment of need. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health.

The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue; and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent—gradually, gracefully, glidingly, but still demurely—into the vale of years.

The process was different with Richard Temple; but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue; but still he had honor and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business, and to his rapidly-increasing family; prospered in both; and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came, and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good; but he was embarrassed, almost ruined, for want of money. One day during this crisis he was in his private-room in the counting-house, brooding over his difficulties, and in the least promising mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first two lines of which informed him, in a brief, business-like manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor; and covering his face with his hands, he abandoned himself for a long time to the deep and painful memories of his early years.

On emerging from this parenthesis in the commoner cares of life, he took up the letter to place it on the table; when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him her watch, and the whole of her original fortune of £5000. This completely unmanned the man of business; and throwing himself back in his chair, he sobbed like a child. Although the money was of infinite importance to him, at the time, freeing him from his present embarrassments, and paving the way for the splendid fortune he afterwards acquired, he attached a far higher value to the personal keepsake. When he had become quite an old man, it was observed that, as often as he opened the drawer in which the relic was kept, he remained plunged in a deep reverie, while gazing long and earnestly upon his first—last—only token of Quaker Love.

INUNDATION OF THE INDUS.

TAKEN FROM THE LIPS OF AN EYE-WITNESS, IN
A. D. 1842.

Communicated by Captain J. Abbott.

USHRUFF KHAN, Zemindar of Torbaila, states:

In the month of Poos, (December,) the Indus was very low. In Maag and Phagoon, (January and February,) it was so low as to be fordable, (an unprecedented phenomenon.) In Chayt, it continued very low, but not fordable. In Bysakh (April) the same. About the middle of Jayt, (May,) the atmosphere was one day observed to be very thick, the air still. At about 2 P. M., a murmuring sound was heard from the northeast, amongst the mountains, which increased until it attracted universal attention, and we began to ex-

claim. "What is this murmur? Is it the sound of cannon in the distance? Is Gundgurb bellowing? Is it thunder!" Suddenly some cried out, "The rivers come!" and I looked and perceived that all the dry channels were already filled, and that the river was racing down furiously in an absolute wall of mud, for it had not at all the color or appearance of water. They who saw it in time easily escaped. They who did not were inevitably lost. It was a horrible mess of foul water—carcasses of soldiers, peasants, war-steeds, camels, prostitutes, tents, mules, asses, trees, and household-furniture—in short, every item of existence jumbled together in one flood of ruin; for Raja Goolab Singh's army was encamped in the bed of the Indus at Koolaye, three koss above Torbaila, in cheek of Poynda Khan. Part of the force was at that moment in hot pursuit, or the ruin would have been wider. The rest ran, some to large trees, which were all soon uprooted and borne away; others to rocks, which were speedily buried beneath the waters. Only they escaped who took at once to the mountain side. About 500 of these troops were at once swept to destruction. The mischief was immense. Hundreds of acres of arable land were licked up and carried away by the waters. The whole of the Seesoo trees which adorned the river's banks; the famous Burgutt-tree of many stems—time out of mind the chosen bivouac of travellers—were all lost in an instant. The men in the trees, the horses and mules tethered to the stems, all sunk alike into the gulf, and disappeared forever. As a woman with a wet towel sweeps away a legion of ants, so the river blotted out the army of the Raja. There were two villages upon an island opposite Ghazi. One of the inhabitants was returning from Srikote and descending the mountain; when he came within sight of the spot where he had left all he held dear, he naturally looked with affection toward his home. Nothing was visible but a wide-rushing sea of mud. His house, his friends, his household, his village, the very island itself, had disappeared. He rubbed his eyes in mortal terror, distrusting his sight, hoping it was a dream. But it was a too horrible reality. He alone, of all that busy hive of moving, struggling, hoping, fearing beings, was left upon the earth.

So far the Zemindar; and to this eloquent description of an eye-witness, I need only add, that it will take hundreds, if not thousands, of years to enable time to repair with its healing hand the mischief of that terrible hour. The revenue of Torbaila has, in consequence, dwindled from 20,000 to 5000 rupees. Chuch has been sown with barren sand. The timber, for which the Indus had been celebrated from the days of Alexander until this disaster, is now so utterly gone, that I vainly strove throughout Huzara to procure a Seesoo-tree for the repair of the field artillery carriages. To make some poor amends, the river sprinkled gold-dust over the barren soil, so that the washings for several successive years were farmed at four times their ordinary rent. It is generally believed that the accumulation of the waters of the Indus was occasioned by a landslip which blocked up the valley; but this and other interesting questions we must leave for solution to Mr. Vans Agnew, whose late mission to Gilgit promises so much to the lovers of science.—(*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.*)

FLOOD IN THE MACQUARIE, IN AUSTRALIA.

THE talented and energetic Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, in his lately-published *Travels in Tropical Australia*, gives the following graphic account of a flood in the Macquarie :—

13th February.—I was again laid up with the *maladie du pays*—sore eyes. Mr. Stephenson took a ride for me to the summit of Mount Foster, and to various cattle-stations about its base, with some questions, to which I required answers, about the river and stations on it lower down. But no one could tell what the western side of the marshes was like, as no person had passed that way; the country being more open on the eastern side, where only the stations were situated; Mr. Kinghorne's, at Gráway, about five miles from our camp, being the lowest down on the west bank. Mr. Stephenson returned early, having met two of the mounted police. To my most important question—What water was to be found lower down in the river? the reply was very satisfactory, namely, "Plenty, and a flood coming down from the Turin mountains." The two policemen said they had travelled twenty miles with it on the day previous, and that it would still take some time to arrive near our camp. About noon the drays arrived in good order, having been encamped where there was no water, about six miles short of our camp; the whole distance travelled, from Cannonbà to the Macquarie, having been about nineteen miles. In the afternoon two of the men, taking a walk up the river, reported, on their return, that the flood poured in upon them, when in the river-bed, so suddenly, that they narrowly escaped it. Still the bed of the Macquarie before our camp continued so dry and silent, that I could scarcely believe the flood coming to be real, and so near to us, who had been put to so many shifts for want of water. Towards evening, I stationed a man with a gun a little way up the river, with orders to fire on the flood's appearance, that I might have time to run to the part of the channel nearest to our camp, and witness what I had so much wished to see, as well from curiosity as urgent need. The shades of evening came, however, but no flood; and the man on the look-out returned to the camp. Some hours later, and after the moon had risen, a murmuring sound like that of a distant waterfall, mingled with occasional cracks as of breaking timber, drew our attention, and I hastened to the river-bank. By very slow degrees the sound grew louder, and at length so audible, as to draw various persons besides from the camp to the river-side. Still no flood appeared, although its approach was indicated by the occasional rending of trees with a loud noise. Such a phenomenon, in a most serene moonlight night, was quite new to us all. At length, the rushing sound of waters and loud cracking of timber, announced that the flood was in the next bend. It rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a point of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life,

through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed, of what thus again became a flowing river. By my party, situated as we were at that time, beating about the country, and impeding in our journey, solely by the almost total absence of water, suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat, I am convinced the scene never can be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the product of storms in the far-off mountains that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on our knees, for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject—an abundance of water sent to us in the desert—greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels. Even the heavens presented something new, at least uncommon, and therefore in harmony with this scene; the variable star γ Argus had increased to the first magnitude, just above the beautiful constellation of the southern cross, which slightly inclined over the river, in the only portion of sky seen through the trees. That very red star, thus rapidly increasing in magnitude, might, as characteristic of her rivers, be recognized as the star of Australia, when Europeans cross the line. The river gradually filled up the channel nearly bank high, while the living cataract travelled onward, much slower than I had expected to see it; so slowly, indeed, that more than an hour after its first arrival the sweet music of the head of the flood was distinctly audible from my tent, as the murmur of waters and the diapason crash of logs travelled slowly through the tortuous windings of the river-bed. I was finally lulled to sleep by that melody of living waters, so grateful to my ear, and evidently so unwonted in the dry bed of the thirsty Macquarie. Thermometer at sunrise, 47° ; at noon, 79° ; at 4 P. M., 88° ; at 9, 63° —with wet bulb, 57° .—(Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell, Kt., on *Tropical Australia*, p. 56.)

GERMAN MARRIAGES.—The Edinburgh Review says: That nothing short of actual violence should enable a wife or a husband to escape from a domestic tyrant, a domestic enemy, or a domestic disgrace, seems revolting. And yet if we go further, it is not easy to stop short of divorce *pour incompatibilité*; and certainly the domestic state of those parts of Germany in which such a ground of divorce is sanctioned, is not attractive. Marriage there takes neither the man nor the woman out of the matrimonial market. Every household is in danger of being broken up, by the intrigues of some man who wishes to appropriate the wife, or of some woman who thinks that she should like to marry the husband. This, indeed, may be inferred from their novels, the best indications of the social state of modern nations; and it gives to their writers a great advantage. Our novels have only one termination; and though the path may wind, the reader sees it always before him. A German novel, in short, now begins where an English one ends. The plot is not how the marriage is to be effected, but how it is to be got rid of; and this may be accomplished in so many hundred ways that the most fertile writer need not repeat himself, nor can the most experienced reader see his way

From the Edinburgh Review.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the Year 1769 to 1797. By HORACE WALPOLE, Lord Orford. Now first printed from original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. VERNON SMITH, M. P. In two Volumes. London: 1848.

It would be no easy matter to say anything that has not been said already, and said well, of Horace Walpole and his works. The charm and value of his writings, indeed, were never denied by any one capable of appreciating them; he is confessedly the most attractive of anecdote-mongers in print, and the traits of men and manners embalmed by him possess a lasting interest for the moralist and the historian. Some difference of opinion as to his temper and disposition has naturally, almost necessarily, arisen between those who enjoyed the advantage of his personal acquaintance, and those who, like ourselves, founded our judgment almost exclusively on the recorded thoughts, feelings, and habits of the man. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in one of the most thoughtful essays he ever wrote, enumerates many obvious causes for the discrepancy so constantly observed between authors and their works; and we are quite ready to believe that one or more of these causes would account for the different view taken by Walpole's accomplished friend, Miss Berry, of a few points of his character, which were reluctantly and (we may be allowed to add) not inconsiderately censured in this Review. Nor, let it be remembered, did we ever contend that he was a bad-hearted man, or incapable of kindly, amiable, and generous actions or sentiments. But he wanted grasp, comprehensiveness, elevation, and nobility of feeling or of thought:—

Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where misspent,
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole.

After making every allowance, we come back to the conclusion that his mind bore a strong analogy to his house at Strawberry Hill. It was a quaint, curious, rich and rare repository; valuable objects of vertu, and exquisite specimens of carving, gilding, chiselling, and polishing, might be found in it. But the rooms were deficient in size, proportion, and light; the furniture was more ornamental than useful; and the master kept you in a constant fidget by talking of his wretched attempt at a castle, his very humble pretensions as a man of taste, and the poor entertainment he had to offer—although it was clear, all the time, that if you had unconsciously manifested the slightest agreement with him in any of these particulars, he would have passed a sleepless night, and hated you for the rest of his life. Affectation was so much the essence of his character, that it had grown into a second nature with him. When a man has arrived at this state, he is natural in one sense; he expresses the actual fancy or feeling of the moment; but this fancy or feeling is so modi-

fied by factitious habits, and so imbued with perverted egotism, that it cannot be termed "natural" in the fair and popular acceptance of the term. For example:—

As I wish to be allowed to see your ladyship and Lord Ossory as much as I may without being troublesome, let it be, madam, without the authorship coming in question. I hold that character as cheap as I do almost everything else; and, having no respect for authors, am not weak enough to have any for myself on that account. (Vol. i., p. 8.)

One word more, on our old quarrel, and I have done. *Such letters as mine!* I will tell you a fact, madam, in answer to that phrase. On Mr. Chute's death, his executor sent me a bundle of letters he had kept of mine, for above thirty years. I took the trouble to read them over, and I bless my stars they were as silly, insipid things, as ever I don't desire to see again. I thought when I was young and had great spirits, that I had some parts too, but now I have seen it under my own hand that I had not, I will never believe it under anybody's hand else; and so I bid you good night. (Vol. i., p. 224.)

I am sorry, too, on many accounts, that this idle list has been printed—but I have several reasons for lamenting daily that I ever was either author or editor. Your ladyship has often suspected me to continue being the former, against which I have solemnly protested, nor except the little dab on Christina of Pisa (on which I shall tell you one of my regrets) I have not written six pages on any one subject for some years. No, madam, I have lived to attain a little more sense; and were I to recommence my life, and thought as I do now, I do not believe that any consideration could induce me to be an author. I wish to be forgotten; and though that will be my lot, it will not be so, as soon as I wish. In short, (and it is pride, not humility, that is the source of my present sentiments,) I have great contempt for middling writers. We have not only betrayed want of genius, but want of judgment; how can one of my grovelling class open a page of a standard author, and not blush at his own stuff! I took up "The First Part of Henry IV." t'other day, and was ready to set fire to my own printing-house: "*Unimitable, unimitated Falstaff!*" cried Johnson, in a fit of enthusiasm; and yet, amongst all his repentances, I do not find that Johnson repented of having written his own "Irene." (Vol. ii., p. 311.)

Did Walpole really repent of having written the smallest of his works, even "the little dab on Christina of Pisa?"—and how would he have looked, had he taken up a critical notice giving him the comfortable (though ill-founded) assurance, that his wish to be forgotten would be, in due time, accorded by posterity? Much, we fancy, as Pope looked, when he was found reading a pasquinade against himself, and said, "These things are my amusement;" or as Sir Fretful Plagiary looks, exclaiming, "Very pleasant!—now another person would be vexed at this."

The lady in "Cælebs" is the genuine representative of these ingenious self-flatterers or self-tormentors, who accuse themselves by turns of the five cardinal virtues and the seven capital sins; in order to indulge their morbid appetite for ego-

tistical discussion or display:—"We are all poor weak creatures, and I know very well I have my faults like other people." "Well, my dear," (submissively replied the husband,) "I should not have said anything about it, if you had not been so candid; but I must say you have a few faults." "Faults, sir!—and pray, *what* faults have I!—but you are always finding fault"—and the lady burst into tears at his cruelty. We are curiously and wonderfully made, particularly about the region of the heart; and when the outward coating of egotism or vanity is stripped off, we find an inner one of envy or jealousy. A man may depreciate his own pursuits, in order to gain a right to depreciate the similar pursuits of others; and when Walpole expresses great contempt for middling authors, it may be that he was quietly indulging his spite at the whole of his contemporaries; not one of whom he would have admitted to be more than "middling" at the best. The want of individual aim in the remark does not rebut the presumption of its ill-nature. When Boswell repeated to Johnson—

Let blameless Bethell, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well,

and asked him to whom the writer alluded in the second line, Johnson replied, "I don't know, sir; but he thought it would vex somebody."

We say frankly, however, that Walpole's constant negation and depreciation of authorship constitute his great offence in our eyes. It was a most mischievous fittleness in a man of his rank to foster the vulgar prejudices of his order in this particular; and it is still, in our opinion, an infallible symptom of a narrow mind, or an imperfect education, to talk slightly of the position of a man of letters, or fepudiate, as lowering, a connection with any respectable branch of literature. "Give me a place to stand on," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." The modern Archimedes who should be content to use a moral lever, would take his stand upon the press. And what portion of the press! Not, as we formerly intimated, on the ponderous folio, or the bulky quarto, or the respectable octavo, but on the review, the magazine, and above all the newspaper. Let any one calmly reflect upon the enormous power, for good or evil, exercised by clever writers who are daily read by thousands. It is a well-known fact, which any leading bookseller will verify with a sigh, that, whenever public events of importance occur, or great changes are under discussion, it is useless to publish books. During the reform bill, the Catholic emancipation, and the corn law agitation, regular literature of every kind was a drug; and ever since the commencement of the great continental convulsion in February last, it has been excluded from much of its fair and legitimate domain by journalism. It is more to the purpose to set about neutralizing any evil effects that may be apprehended from a change than to rail at it; and this change would hardly be so marked and durable unless the talent

and knowledge which used to find vent and expression in books had been gradually diverted into reviews and newspapers.

Mazarin declared that "he did not care who had the making of a nation's laws, so long as he had the writing of their songs." Had he lived in our time, he would have substituted, "so long as he had the writing of their leading articles;" and most assuredly no English statesman, who had thoroughly at heart the real improvement of the public mind, (on which all other improvement depends now-a-days,) would deny the paramount importance of elevating and sustaining the tone of that class of composition which forms the entire mental aliment of much the larger part of the community. Fortunately for the country, fortunately for mankind, it has already attained a high degree of excellence; and is rapidly clearing itself from the dirt, the rubbish, and the dross:—but no thanks, for this, to prime ministers, no thanks to cabinets, no thanks to the aristocracy; for every step of its progress has been retarded by discouragement, or acknowledged with a sneer. Every other kind of intellectual distinction has been eagerly sought out and rewarded of late years; but where (with two or three exceptions) is the newspaper editor or writer, who might not adopt the very words of the lexicographer in his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield: "I have been pushing on my task through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor." Why is Mr. Searjeant Talfourd, speaking of the late Mr. Barnes with reference to his editorship of the "Times," obliged to lament "that the influences for good which he shed largely on all the departments of busy life, should have necessarily left behind them such slender memorials of one of the kindest, the wisest, and the best of men who have ever enjoyed signal opportunities of moulding public opinion, and who have turned them to the noblest and the purest uses?"*

The truth is, it requires a rare degree of moral courage to depart from the ordinary practice or confront the stereotyped prejudice; and it will be long, very long, we fear, before the juster notions of the French on this subject become prevalent among us; before, for example, our rising statesmen will rely on their literary as openly as on their parliamentary services, and feel as proud of an opportune article in a newspaper as of a successful speech in parliament. It is well known that almost every man who has attained to power in France since 1830, has been more or less avowedly connected with newspapers; nor at the present time is it possible for a party to maintain its ground in France without its daily organ, conducted by men of known talent; who (even when they do not sign their articles) are commonly more eager to parade their happiest exploits in this line than to veil or throw a shade over them. In allusion to M. Thiers, M. Jules Janin says:—"The

* "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb"—a book full of fine thought and generous feeling.

day when that man named himself president of the council, the French press gained its battle of Austerlitz." When will the English press gain its Waterloo! By which we mean, of course, when will the vocation be duly honored?—when will the press be placed in such a position as to attract recruits of promise from all classes?—when, in short, will our newspapers be placed on the same footing as our reviews?

We have won our battle—but we had a hard fight for it; and it was principally owing to the defection or faint-heartedness of its natural allies, like Walpole or Byron, that, till recently, literature was hardly recognized as, to all intents and purposes, the profession of a gentleman—as fully, for instance, as the church, the army and navy, or the bar. Nothing, in England, is deemed aristocratical, but what is habitually done by the aristocracy. The essential character of the thing is not the point. Education may be as good at the London University and King's College as at Trinity or Christchurch, but it is not aristocratical education; and literature may have exhibited equal refinement before it became the fashion for fine ladies and gentlemen to enter the lists as competitors for its honors. But the chances were against it so long as it was deemed derogatory to write; for exertion is paralyzed by want of full sympathy, and a vocation is invariably lowered by disrespect. When the French grand seigneur, meeting the author of a grammar at the academy, said haughtily, "*Je suis ici pour mon grandpère*," the grammarian retorted, "*Et moi, je suis ici pour ma grammaire, (grandmère)*," which was clearly the better title of the two. But when Voltaire called on Congreve professedly as a man of letters, Congreve told him he wished to be visited as a gentleman; whereupon Voltaire rejoined, that, if he had only heard of him as a gentleman, he should never have called on him at all. We have here the two principles in marked contrast; and it is mortifying to think that no Englishman of rank has yet had the manliness to throw himself gallantly on the good sense and good feeling of his countrymen, as a professional man of letters, or "gentleman of the press"—that Gibbon should have struck no responsive chord, when he exclaimed, "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the glories of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the 'Fairy Queen' as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the House of Austria."

Byron had noble opportunities; but he was prouder of Brummell's acquaintance than Scott's; he preferred Shelley, because he was a man of family; he loved rather to discredit the calling than to elevate it; and, in fact, made common

cause with Walpole in his littleness. The critics, he used to say, ran down Walpole because he was a gentleman, and himself because he was a lord. This was a strange mistake; their social and hereditary rank ensured both the most favorable reception; and would have proved an unmixed advantage, if they had not shown an undue consciousness of it. It has been asserted that the dread Walpole is supposed to have felt, "lest he should lose caste as a gentleman, by ranking as a wit and an author, he was much too fine a gentleman to have believed in the possibility of feeling." Our very complaint is, that he was not sufficiently high-bred for this; and the consequence was, that persons of his class continued half a century longer to be ashamed of adopting the most effective method of influencing their cotemporaries, and showing themselves possessed of knowledge, observation, and capacity. The increase of readers, which made the public the only patron worth considering, together with other circumstances, gradually emancipated general literature from the lowering influence of the prejudice; the establishment of this journal at once emancipated reviews: but the work of emancipation will be incomplete so long as any respectable portion of the press remains under the pretence or semblance of a ban. Our honored and lamented friend, Sydney Smith, declared that he had no hope of effecting a required improvement in the management of the Great Western Railway carriages till a bishop was burnt in them. Were he now living, he would probably tell us that there is little or no hope of effecting the required improvement in public opinion as to the press, until a peer should become openly and avowedly the editor of a newspaper. Not, certainly, that the duties would be better performed on that account, but because an injurious prejudice, which it may take many years to reason down, might thus be demolished at a blow.

It is only fair to say that these views were warmly and eloquently advocated by one young man of rank, five years ago. At a meeting of the Manchester Athenæum (Oct. 1843,) Mr. Smythe, the member for Canterbury, spoke thus:—

It seems to me, with a spirit worthy of a younger and a freer age, you have reserved to the author and the man of letters a reward, of a simple and less sordid character than the mere hire of his newspaper, and the pay of that review can afford; or, with intentions yet more foresighted and profound, you may have resolved to correct some of these, the anomalies of a country which is governed by its journals, but where the names of its journalists are never mentioned—of a country where, by the most unhappy of inversions, it is the invention which makes the fortune, and the inventors who starve—of a country where, if the men of science aspire to the highest honor which you have to bestow—the suffrages of their fellow-citizens—those men of science will poll by units, where the mere politicians will poll by hundreds. And it seems to me especially meet, and right, and fitting, that you, the men of Manchester, should redress these evils; because there is an old, an intimate, and a natural alliance between literature and com-

merce; and it is in virtue of this alliance (which has been alluded to in the speeches of several gentlemen who have preceded me this evening) that you know of what is passing amongst foreigners; that you cannot but regard with sympathy the honors which abroad are paid to literature. Why, the very ambassadors now sent to us from foreign courts are so many reproaches on our neglect of letters. Who is the ambassador from Russia?—A man who has risen by his pen. Who is the ambassador from Sweden?—An author and an historian; the historian of British India. Who is the ambassador from Prussia?—An author and a professor. Who is the ambassador from Belgium?—Again, a man who has risen by literature. Who is the ambassador from France?—An author and historian. Who is the ambassador from, I had almost said, our fellow-countrymen in America?—Again, an author and a professor.

Since this was spoken, Mr. Everett has been succeeded by Mr. Bancroft, the distinguished author of "The History of the United States;" and M. de St. Aulaire's place is now filled by M. de Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, which is highly esteemed in France, whatever we may think of the views of Irish affairs taken by him.

The natural consequence of Walpole's peculiar mode of looking, or pretending to look, at authorship, was that he was a "bitter bad" critic. The author with him must wear the stamp of fashion to ensure a favorable reception for the book:—

Let but a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens and the sense refines.

He must be a member of parliament, a member of Brookes', or a lounge at "White's Chocolate House" at the least. Such "poor devil authors" as Goldsmith, Smollett, Richardson, or Johnson, are ignored or slighted; Gray is flung off as a pedant; and even Fielding, with the blood of the Hapsburg in his veins, and though—

Droll nature stamped each lucky hit
With unimaginable wit,

is voted low.

We will not quarrel with the high praise of Lord Carlisle's tragedy, (vol. ii., p. 163.) which was also praised by Dr. Johnson; but here is an exemplary specimen of dilettante criticism:—

Mr. Jephson's tragedy, which I concluded would not answer all that I had heard of it, exceeded my expectations infinitely. The language is noble, the poetry, similes, and metaphors, enchanting. The harmony, the modulation of the lines, shows he has the best ear in the world. I remember nothing at all equal to it appearing in my time, though I am Methusalem in my memory of the stage. I don't know whether it will have all the effect there it deserves, as the story is so well known, and the happy event of it known too, which prevents *attention*. Besides, the subject in reality demands but two acts, for the conspiracy and the revolution; but one can never be tired of the poetry that protracts it. Would you believe I am to appear on the theatre along with it?—my Irish friends, the Binghamms, have overpersuaded me to write an epilogue, which was wanting. They gave me the

subject, which I have executed miserably; but at least I do not make the new Queen of Portugal lay aside her majesty, and sell *double entendres* like Lady Bridget Tollemache. (Vol. i., p. 177.)

The amateur performance, the select company, and the overpersuading to write the epilogue, prove that Mr. Jephson had his great and little entrées to the set; and this accounts for the extravagant commendation lavished on his long-forgotten play. This is not the only instance in which Walpole has the misfortune to differ from posterity:—

What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy! Dr. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Stoops, indeed!—so she does, that is, the muse; she is dragged up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark fair. The whole view of the piece is low humor, and no humor is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably. (Vol. i., p. 58.)

He could hardly be expected to appreciate Beaumarchais' masterpiece, or see what it portended, or translate the writing on the wall; but it is surprising he could find nothing in it but a farce:—

No, I am not at all struck with the letter of Beaumarchais, except with its insolence. Such a reproof might become Cato the Censor, in defence of such a tragedy as Addison's, on his descendant; but for such a *vaurien* as Beaumarchais, and for such a contemptible farce as "Figaro," it was paramount impertinence towards the duke, and gross ill-breeding towards the ladies. Besides, I abhor vanity in authors; it would offend in Milton or Montesquieu; in a Jack-pudding it is intolerable. I know no trait of arrogance recorded of Molière—and to talk of the "Marriage of Figaro" as *instructive*! Punch might as well pretend to be moralizing when he sells a bargain. In general, the modern *Gens de Lettres* in France, as they call themselves, are complete puppies. (Vol. ii., p. 276.)

We must do him the justice to say he showed no greater predilection for the encyclopædist school, and was fully alive to the national vanity of the French:—

My French dinner went off tolerably well, except that five or six of the invited disappointed me, and the table was not full. The Abbé Raynal not only looked at nothing himself, but kept talking to the ambassador the whole time, and would not let him see anything neither. There never was such an impertinent and tiresome old gossip. He said to one of the Frenchmen, "We ought to come abroad, to make us love our own country." This was before Mr. Churchill, who replied very properly, "Yes, we had some Esquimaux here lately, and they liked nothing—because they could get no train-oil for breakfast." (Vol. i., p. 272.)

He speaks thus of Montaigne:—

I have scarce been in town since I saw you, have scarce seen anybody here, and don't remember a tittle but having scolded my gardener twice, which, indeed, would be as important an article as any in Montaigne's travels, which I have been reading, and if I was tired of his essays, what must one be of these! What signifies what a man thought, who never thought of anything but himself! and what signifies what a man did, who never did anything! (Vol. i., p. 135.)

We have not the remotest doubt that Walpole would have been found in the foremost ranks of Dryden's depreciators, when Elkanah Settle was set up against him by the court. He does actually prefer Mason to Pope!—

Did your lord bring you the Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers? I am going mad about it, though there is here and there a line I hate. I laughed till I cried, and the oftener I read it the better I like it. *It has as much poetry as the "Dunciad," and more wit and greater facility.*

It will be admitted that the concluding sentence of the following paragraph is not a lucky hit:—

I made no commentary on General Oglethorpe's death, madam, because his very long life was the great curiosity, and the moment he is dead the rarity is over; and, as he was but ninety-seven, he will not be a prodigy compared with those who reached to a century and a half. He is like many who make a noise in their own time from some singularity, which is forgotten, when it comes to be registered with others of the same genus, but more extraordinary in their kind. How little will Dr. Johnson be remembered, when confounded with the mass of authors of his own calibre! (Vol. ii., p. 227.)

Again, alluding to Garrick:—

What stuff was his Jubilee Ode, and how paltry his Prologues and Epilogues! I have always thought that he was just the counterpart of Shakespeare; this, the first of writers, and an indifferent actor; that, the first of actors, and a woful author. Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and who will see those of another modern idol, *far less deservedly enshrined*, Dr. Johnson. (Vol. i., p. 333.)

These bursts of petulance, for they can hardly be called judgments, are the more provoking, because no one can see clearer, within a certain range, than Horace Walpole, when he lays aside his London-smoke spectacles. His remarks on Gibbon are sound and discriminating; but Gibbon had been a lord of the treasury. He defends Burke's famous allusion to Marie Antoinette when condemned by "the town;" but Burke was a parliamentary leader, and Marie Antoinette was a queen. Perhaps the boldest opinion he ever hazarded is this (vol. ii., p. 226):—

For Chatterton, he was a gigantic genius, and might have soared I know not whither. In the poems, avowed for his, is a line, that neither Rowley nor all the monks in Christendom could or would have written, and which would startle them all for

its depth of thought and comprehensive expression, from a lad of eighteen—

Reason a thorn in Revelation's side!

His criticisms on plays and players are colored by the same prejudices. It was the remark of John Philip Kemble, that he never knew an amateur actor or actress who was worth above thirteen and sixpence a week on the regular boards; and that there was not a provincial company of any note throughout the empire, who would not act either comedy, tragedy, or farce, better than the best amateur company that could be collected in May Fair. The difference was probably still more marked when the stage was in its zenith; yet Walpole, who had lived through its brightest period, awards the palm to the amateurs; and can account for an adverse criticism on a set of them only on the supposition that one of the "regulars" had indited it:—

I am very far from tired, madam, of encomiums on the performance at Richmond House; but I, by no means, agree with the criticism on it that you quote, and which, I conclude, was written by some player, from envy. *Who should act genteel comedy perfectly, but people of fashion that have sense?* Actors and actresses can only guess at the tone of high life, and cannot be inspired with it. Why are there so few genteel comedies, but because most comedies are written by men not of that sphere! Etheridge, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber, wrote genteel comedy, because they lived in the best company; and Mrs. Oldfield played it so well, because she not only followed, but often set, the fashion. *General Burgoyne has written the best modern comedy, for the same reason;* and Miss Farren is as excellent as Mrs. Oldfield, because she has lived with the best style of men in England; whereas Mrs. Abingdon can never go beyond *Lady Teazle*, which is a second-rate character; and that rank of women are always aping women of fashion, without arriving at the style. Farquhar's plays talk the language of a marching regiment in country quarters; Wycherley, Dryden, Mrs. Centlivre, &c., wrote as if they had only lived in the "Rose Tavern;" but then the court lived in Drury Lane, too; and Lady Dorchester and Nel Gwyn were equally good company. The Richmond theatre, I imagine, will take root. (Vol. ii., p. 302.)

With "The School for Scandal" fresh in his memory, he says that General Burgoyne had written the best modern comedy! "Who should act genteel comedy perfectly, but people of fashion that have sense?" This reminds us of—

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

It is worse; it is arguing in a circle, and demanding an impossibility. People of fashion who have sense, will not take to acting as a profession: if they do, they soon cease to be people of fashion; if they do not, they make nothing of it. Perfect acting is as much an abstraction as a perfect circle, upon such principles. He is far from consistent on the subject of Garrick, but he speaks prettily plainly in some places: for example—

I should shock Garrick's devotees if I uttered all my opinion: I will trust your ladyship with it—it is, that *Le Texier* is twenty times the genius. What comparison between the powers that do the fullest justice to a single part, and those that instantaneously can fill a whole piece, and transform themselves with equal perfection into men and women, and pass from laughter to tears, and make you shed the latter at both!—(Vol. i., p. 332.)

If this be true criticism, the late Charles Matthews was the first actor that ever lived, and Levasseur is superior to Bouffé. He proceeds:—

Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his Sir John Brute give of a Surly Husband? His Bayes was no less entertaining; but it was a Garret-teer-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solemn coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be.

Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage; and then cried her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abingdon. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason, for there was more spirit and originality in her Beatrice than there was in his Benedick.—(Vol. i., p. 332.)

Johnson's fine allusion to Garrick's death was never thought exaggerated. "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Nor could any satirist of those days have levelled against his noble friends and admirers the bitter taunt flung by Mr. Moore at Sheridan's—

How proud they can flock to the funeral array

Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow,

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,

Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.

But Walpole has found out a method of depreciating both the shrine and the worshipper:—

Yes, madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player!—but when a great empire is on its decline, one symptom is, there being more eagerness on trifles than on essential objects. Shakspeare, who wrote when Burleigh counselled and Nottingham fought, was not rewarded and honored like Garrick, who only acted, when, indeed, I do not know who has counselled and who has fought.

I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled, in both tragedy and comedy. Still, I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents; yet I will own, as fairly, that Mrs. Porter and Madlle. Dumesnil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two ac-

tresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in Falstaff; King, in Lord Ogleby; Mrs. Pritchard, in Maria in the Nonjuror; Mrs. Clive, in Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. Abingdon, in Lady Teazle. They all seemed the very persons; I suppose that in Garrick I thought I saw more of his art; yet his Lear, Richard, Hotspur, (which the town had not taste enough to like,) Kiteley, and Ranger, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation I confess he never charmed me, nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean; but there, too, the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion.—(Vol. i., p. 332.)

An anecdote of Mrs. Siddons confirms, if it required confirming, the statement concerning Garrick's morbid jealousy:—

Mrs. Siddons continues (1782) to be the mode, and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute-money from Brookes', he said she was not *maniérée* enough. "I suppose she was grateful," said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play *Medea* and *Lady Macbeth*.—"No," she replied; "she did not look on them as female characters." She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick; she said, "he did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left. In short," said she, "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose."—(Vol. ii., p. 131.)

The cotemporary impression regarding Mrs. Siddons must be an object of interest, even when recorded by one whom we cannot rank among the most candid of observers:—

Mr. Craufurd, too, asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw! I said, "By no means; we old folks were apt to be prejudiced in favor of our first impressions." She is a good figure; handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion, her arms are not genteel. Thus you see, madam, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, and did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say, that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil—and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. Yet this is not entirely prejudice; don't I equally recollect the whole progress of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend, and does it hinder my thinking Mr. Fox a prodigy?—Pray do not send him this paragraph too.—(Vol. i., p. 115.)

The date is 1782—rather late in the day to begin thinking Mr. Fox a prodigy. But the last sentence was evidently meant to be read, as Charles the Sec-

ond and his courtiers read the seventh commandment—with the omission of the *not*.

The reflections on the breaking out of the French revolution, are well worth attention. The letter of September 26, 1789, for example, is almost literally applicable to the existing state of France at this moment. Many of the other letters, also, are curious, as illustrations of laws, manners, and society in both countries. The frequency of robberies will sound very startling to all whose personal recollections do not extend to periods much anterior to the new police—about as new to the rising generation as the New River or the New Forest:—

The Hertfords, Lady Holderness, and Lady Mary Coke did dine here on Thursday, but were armed as if going to Gibraltar; and Lady Cecilia Johnstone would not venture even from Petersham—for in the town of Richmond they rob even before dusk—to such perfection are all the arts brought! Who would have thought that the war with America would make it impossible to stir from one village to another? yet so it literally is. The colonies took off all our commodities down to highwaymen. Now being forced to mew and then turn them out like pheasants, the roads are stocked with them, and they are so tame that they even come into houses.—(Vol. ii., p. 107.)

Walpole and Lady Browne are stopped on their way to drink tea with a neighbor by a highwayman:—

He said, "Your purses and watches!" I replied, "I have no watch." "Then your purse!" I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." I said, "No, you won't frighten the lady!" He replied, "No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt." Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!" pulled off his hat and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh! but I am," said she, "and now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, *that I carry on purpose*."—(Vol. ii., p. 55.)

After describing some private theatricals at Ham Common, he says:—

There was a great deal of good company collected from the environs and even from London, but so armed with blunderbusses, that when the servants were drawn up after the play, you would have thought it had been a midnight review of conspirators on a heath.

When Mr. Craufurd, described as having always presence of mind enough to be curious, was robbed, the wits reported him as saying to the highwayman, "You must have taken other pocket-books; could not you let me have one instead of mine?"

The impression left by Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* as to the selfish habits and arbitrary modes of thinking of royal personages, before the progress of manners refined and softened them, is confirmed by Walpole in many passages. The following is an extract from a letter dated Calais, 1773.

I must acquaint you with a piece of insolence done to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Their royal highnesses, upon their arrival here on Saturday se'ennight, went to the play, as likewise on Sunday. On Monday morning two of the players waited on their royal highnesses to thank them for the honor that had been done them, and to receive the gratification usual upon such occasions. The duke gave them three guineas for the two representations, which was so far from satisfying these gentry, that, by way of impertinence, they sent their candle-snuffer, a dirty fellow, to present a bouquet to the duchess, who was rewarded for his impudence with a volley of *coups de baton*. This chastisement did not intimidate the actors, who sent one of their troop after the duke to St. Omer, with a letter, to know if it was really true his royal highness gave but three guineas; for that they, the players, suspected their companions had pocketed the best part of what was given. What answer the duke gave I know not, but the man who went with the letter has been put in prison, and the whole troop has been ordered to leave the town. *Voilà qui est bien tragique pour les comédiens!* This affair is as much talked on at Calais as if it was an affair of state.—(Vol. i., p. 89.)

The story of the Duchess of Bolton proposing to start for China as a place of safety, when the end of the world was positively fixed for the next year, by some Moore or Murphy of the day; the stories of the famous beauty, Lady Coventry, and the opposition encountered by Lord Macclesfield when he attempted to reform the calendar, materially diminish our astonishment at any amount of ignorance in any class, towards the middle of the last century, or we might suspect Walpole of inventing the dialogue which comes next:—

I cannot say there will be quite so much wit in the anecdote I am going to tell you next. Lady Greenwich, t'other day, in a conversation with Lady Tweeddale, named the Saxons (the Lord knows how that happened.) "The Saxons, my dear!" cried the marchioness, "who were they?" "Lord, madam, did your ladyship never read the History of England?" "No, my dear! Pray who wrote it?" Don't it put you in mind of the Mattoe and the Allogabroges in Grammont? Voici, a second dialogue of the same dame with the Duchess of Argyll, who went to her to hire a house the marchioness has here on Twickenham Common, for her brother, General Gunning:—

Marchioness.—"But will he pay for it?"

Duchess.—"Madam, my brother can afford to pay for it; and if he cannot, I can."

Marchioness.—"Oh! I am glad I shall have my money. Well, my dear, but am I to wish you joy on Lady Augusta's marriage?"

Duchess.—"No great joy, madam; there was no great occasion for Lady Augusta Campbell to be married."

Marchioness.—"Lord, my dear, I wonder to hear you say so, who have been married twice." (Vol. ii., p. 340.)

A curious adventure, in which Charles Fox is traditionally reported to have been engaged, is recorded with particulars:—

I know nothing of the following legend but from that old maid, Common Fame, who outlives the newspapers. You have read in "Fielding's Chron-

icle" the tale of the Hon. Mrs. Grieve; but could you have believed that Charles Fox could have been in the list of her dupes? Well, he was. She promised him a Miss Phipps, a West Indian fortune of 150,000*l.* Sometimes she was not landed—sometimes had the small-pox. In the mean time Miss Phipps did not like a black man. Celadon must powder his eyebrows. He did, and cleaned himself. A thousand Jews thought he was gone to Kingsgate to settle the payment of his debts. Oh no! he was to meet Celia at Margate. To confirm the truth, the Hon. Mrs. Grieve advanced part of the fortune; some authors say an hundred and sixty, others three hundred pounds. But how was this to answer to the matron? Why, by Mr. Fox's chariot being seen at her door. Her other dupes could not doubt of her noblesse or interest, when the hopes of Britain frequented her house. In short Mrs. Grieve's parts are in universal admiration, whatever Charles' are.—(Vol. i., p. 107.)

Sir Walter Scott mentions the story in his *Diary* of May 9th, 1828; and there is an obvious allusion to it in "The Cozeners," by Foote.

The uncertainty still resting on the death of the great Lord Clive, currently reported to have committed suicide, gives value to a cotemporary account from high authority:

Lord H. has just been here, and told me the manner of Lord Clive's death. Whatever had happened, it had flung him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr. Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occasions, a dose of laudanum; but the pain in his bowels was so violent that he asked for a second dose. Dr. Fothergill said if he took another he would be dead in an hour. The moment Fothergill was gone he swallowed another, for another it seems stood by him, and he is dead.—(Vol. i., p. 155.)

In an article on George Selwyn, on the publication of his correspondence, we quoted *bon mots* of his sufficient to set up half a dozen wits; but he was inexhaustible, and a fresh stock is now brought to light:—

Apropos of *bon-mots*, has our lord told you that George Selwyn calls Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt "the idle and the industrious apprentices?" If he has not, I am sure you will thank me, madam.—(Vol. ii., p. 146.)

Hogarth's print was then familiar to every one; and the joke was as generally understood and appreciated as that of the late Mr. R. Smith (father of the editor of the *Letters*) when he declared Mr. Hume and Mr. Vansittart (Lord Bexley) to be the living personifications of "Penny wise and pound foolish." The best of the other *bon mots* will not occupy much space:—

You ask about Mr. Selwyn; have you heard his incomparable reply to Lord George Gordon, who asked him if he would choose him again for Luggershall; he replied, "His constituents would not." "Oh yes, if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa." "That is according to what part of the coast you came from; they would certainly, if you came from the Guinea coast." Now, madam, is not this true inspiration as well as true wit? Had

one asked him in which of the four quarters of the world Guinea is situated, could he have told!—(Vol. i., p. 427.)

He came to me yesterday morning from Lady Townsend, who, terrified by the fires of the preceding night, talked the language of the court, instead of opposition. He said she put him in mind of removed tradesmen, who hung out a board with "burnt out from over the way."—(Vol. i., p. 439.)

Everybody is full of Mr. Burke's yesterday's speech, which I only mention as parent of a *mot* of George Selwyn. Lord George Gordon, single, divided the house, and Selwyn set him down afterwards at White's, where he said, "I have brought the whole opposition in my coach; and I hope one coach will always hold them, if they mean to take away the Board of Works," (of which he was paymaster.)—(Vol. i., p. 408.)

George Selwyn is, I think, the only person remaining who can strike wit out of the present politics. On hearing Calcraft wanted to be Earl of Ormond, he said, "it would be very proper, as no doubt there had been many *Butlers* in his family."—(Vol. i., p. 4.)

Every reader who enjoys humor will allow the following to be a capital story, with a result singularly illustrative of manners:—

To divert the theme; how do you like, madam, the following story? A young Madame de Choiseul is involved with Monsieur de Coigny and Prince Joseph of Monaco. She longed for a parrot that should be a miracle of eloquence. Every other shop in Paris sells mackaws, parrots, cockatoos, &c. No wonder one at least of the rivals soon found a Mr. Pitt; and the bird was immediately declared the nymph's first minister; but as she had two passions as well as two lovers, she was also enamored of General Jacko at Astley's. The unsuccessful candidate offered Astley ingots for his monkey; but Astley demanding a *terre* for life, the paladin was forced to desist; but fortunately heard of another miracle of parts of the Monomotapan race, who was not in so exalted a sphere of life, being only a marmiton in a kitchen, where he had learnt to pluck fowls with inimitable dexterity. This dear animal was not invaluable; was bought, and presented to Madame de Choiseul, who immediately made him the *Secrétaire de ses Commandemens*. Her caresses were distributed equally to the animals, and her thanks to the donors. The first time she went out the two former were locked up in her bed chamber; how the two latter were disposed of, history is silent. Ah! I dread to tell the sequel. When the lady returned, and flew to her chamber, Jacko the second received her with all the *empressement* possible; but where was Poll? Found at last under the bed, shivering and cowering, and without a feather, as stark as any Christian. Poll's presenter concluded that his rival had given the monkey with that very view; challenged him, they fought, and both were wounded; and an heroic adventure it was.—(Vol. ii., p. 258.)

There is certainly nothing new under the sun in the way of story. Who could or would have thought that the well-known adventure of Lord Eldon and the turbot had been anticipated?—

Another on our list of burials is a Sir Patrick Hamilton. His history is curious. He has an

estate of 1800*l.* a year in Ireland, but has lodged at Twickenham for three or four years, watching impatiently an ancient uncle who has some money. The old gentleman, formerly a captain in the Scotch Greys, is now eighty-eight; but as beautiful and sleek as Melchisedec when he was not above two hundred; and he walks four or five miles a day, and looks as if he would outlive his late heir for a quarter of a century more. Sir Patrick was knighted when mayor of Dublin. His lady is still more parsimonious. In his mayoralty he could not persuade her to buy a new gown. The pride of the Hamiltons surmounted the penury of the highlands. He bought a silk that cost five-and-fifty shillings a yard, but told his wife it cost but forty. In the evening she displayed it to some of her female acquaintance. "Forty shillings a yard! Lord, madam," said one of them, "I would give five-and-forty myself." "Would you, madam?—you shall have it at that price." Judge how Sir Patrick was transported when he returned at night, and she bragged of the good bargain she had made!—(Vol. i., p. 451.)

One of the common charges against Walpole is founded on his ungrateful harshness and coldness to Madame du Deffand, who entertained and uniformly professed a warm and perfectly unselfish regard for him. His advocates excuse him on the plea of that dread of ridicule which is admitted to have formed a principal feature in his character. He was afraid of being laughed at for a *liaison* with "an old blind woman." But this is far from being a satisfactory apology; and from what we remember of his occasional style of reciprocation, Madame du Deffand might have exclaimed, in the spirit of the song—

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs!

And, after all, is there any description of weakness or moral cowardice more censurable, than that which induces a man to shrink from the avowal of well-founded affection and esteem, or leads him to disavow the feelings which do honor to the heart, from fear of incurring the ridicule of the fops and fribbles of society, or from a wish to stand well with them? It is our firm conviction that more than half the scandal we hear circulated in society is attributable to vanity. It is the gratification of telling a good story, not the wish to inflict injury, that incites. The race between Mrs. Candor, Mrs. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin Backbite, was not who should destroy Lady Teazle's character, but who should spread the first account of the alleged duel through the town. But if the amiability of these worthy people became the subject of discussion, we fear this analysis of motive would not go far towards establishing the goodness of their hearts. The alleged excuse, however, was certainly the true one; for there are many passages in these letters which prove incontestably how cordially Walpole really returned Madame du Deffand's affection, and how deeply he mourned her loss. It was repaired, however, and more than repaired, by the friendship he formed, in 1788, with the ladies

who exercised so wholesome and benign an influence over the closing years of his life; and whose names are now so honorably and indissolubly associated with his own. He thus describes the commencement of the acquaintance:—

If I have picked up no recent anecdotes on our common, I have made a much more, to me, precious acquaintance. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here, with their father, for this season. * * *

They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation—nor more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady Di's gipsies, which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colors. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems out of deference to her sister to speak seldomer; for they doat on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons. In short, good sense, information, simplicity and ease, characterize the Berrys; and this is not particularly mine, who am apt to be prejudiced, but the universal voice of all who know them.—(Vol. ii., p. 348.)

The date of this letter is October 11, 1788. The charm did not fade with time. In May, 1792, he writes:—

I am indeed much obliged for the transcript of the letter on my "wives." Miss Agnes has a *finesse* in her eyes and countenance that does not propose itself to you, but is very engaging on observation, and has often made herself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features, and only wants color to make her face as perfect as her graceful person; indeed, neither has good health, nor the air of it. Miss Mary's eyes are grave, but she is not so herself; and, having much more application than her sister, she converses readily, and with great intelligence, on all subjects. Agnes is more reserved, but her compact sense very striking, and always to the purpose. In short, they are extraordinary beings; and I am proud of my partiality for them, and since the ridicule can only fall on me, and not on them, I care not a straw for its being said that I am in love with one of them—people shall choose which; it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on*.—(Vol. ii., p. 471.)

These are natural, earnest, unaffected tributes; and we can well understand that, to persons so gifted and so predisposed to enjoy his conversation, there must have been a very great charm in constant and cordial intimacy with such a man.

We cannot help wishing that Mr. Vernon Smith had devoted a little more time and attention to the self-imposed duty of editor. He has given his readers credit for an extent of minute knowledge which not one in twenty can fairly be expected to possess; and he has fallen into two or three unaccountable mistakes. But he has performed his part quietly and unobtrusively, and the notes added from the MS. journal of Lord Ossory are valuable, though few. For example:—

The following is Lord Ossory's own opinion of the social talents of some of the best talkers of his day:—"Horace Walpole was an agreeable, lively man, very affected, always aiming at wit, in which he fell very short of his old friend George Selwyn, who possessed it in the most genuine but indescribable degree. Hare's conversation abounded with wit, and perhaps of a more lively kind; so did Burke's though with much alloy of bad taste; but, upon the whole, my brother the general was the most agreeable man in society of any of them."—(May, 1816.—MSS. Ed.)

The late Lady Holland—a great authority in such matters—was also of this opinion; when the same question was raised in her presence, she determined it in favor of General Fitzpatrick, as having been the most agreeable person she had ever known.

POPULAR ERROR RESPECTING EATING FRUIT.—In the last quarterly return on the state of public health, some notice is taken of the common notion that dysentery, and other diseases of the sort, are occasioned at this season by eating fruit. That it is an error, is established by the fatality of these diseases to infants at the breast, to the aged, to persons in prison and public institutions, who procure no fruit, and by many such facts as the following, reported about the middle of the last century by Sir John Pringle, in his classical account of the diseases of the campaign in Germany:—"Nearly half the men were ill or had recovered from dysentery a few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, which was fought on the 27th of June, 1743. The dysentery, the constant and fatal epidemic of camps, began sooner this season than it did in any succeeding campaign. Now, as the usual time of its appearance is not before the latter end of the summer or the beginning of autumn, the cause has been unjustly imputed to eating fruit in excess. But the circumstances here contradict that opinion; for this sickness began and raged before any fruit was in season except strawberries, (which from their high price the men never tasted,) and ended about the time the grapes were ripe; which, growing in open vineyards, were freely eaten by everybody. To this add the following incident:—"Three companies of Howard's regiment, which had not joined us, marched with the king's baggage, from Ostend to Hanau, where, arriving a night or two before the battle, and having orders to stop, they encamped for the first time at a small distance from the ground that was afterwards occupied by the army. These men had never been exposed to rain or lain wet; by this separation from the line they were also removed from the contagion of the privies; and having pitched close upon the river, they had the benefit of a constant stream of fresh air. By means of such favorable circumstances, it was re-

markable that, while the main body suffered greatly, this little camp almost entirely escaped, though the men breathed the same air, the contagious part excepted, ate of the same victuals, and drank of the same water. This immunity continued for six weeks, until the army removed from Hanau, when these companies joined the rest, and encamping in the line, were at last infected, but suffered little, as the flux was then so much on the decline. Fruit, potatoes, and green vegetables are essential parts of the food of man; and it is only when taken to excess, that, like other articles of diet, they disorder the stomach.

HOTTENTOTS AND UNITED BRETHREN.—The Edinburgh Review, in an article on Ethnology, or the Science of Races, says:—

One writer has given, as the summing up of his observations, that "the Hottentots seem born with a natural antipathy to all customs, and to every religion but their own." But it is a memorable fact, that when the attempt was perseveringly made and rightly directed, the Hottentot nation lent a more willing ear than any other uncivilized race had done, to the preaching of Christianity; and no people has been more strikingly and speedily improved by its reception—not only in moral character and conduct, but also in outward condition and prosperity. Gladly would we follow Dr. Prichard through the interesting account which he has given of the labors of the United Brethren, and of their settlements at Gnadenthal and other spots on which they have been located. We are sure that no unprejudiced person can peruse them without coming to the conclusion, that, in aptitude for the reception of religious impressions, they are far superior to the young heathens of our own land, who, when first induced to attend a ragged school, are recorded to have mingled "Jim Crow" with the strains of adoration in which they were invited to join; and who did their best, by grimaces and gestures, to distract the attention of those who were fixing their thoughts on the solemn offering of prayer. With the following extract we must conclude our notice of this part of the subject:—

Perhaps nothing in this account is more remarkable than the fact that so strong a sensation was produced among the whole Hottentot nation, and even among the neighboring tribes of different people, by the improved and happy condition of the Christian Hottentots, as to excite a desire for similar advantages. Whole families of Hottentots, and even of Bushmen, set out for the borders of Kafirland, and even performed journeys of many weeks, in order to settle at Gnadenthal. It is a singular fact in the history of these barbarous races of men, that the savage Bushmen, of their own accord, solicited from the colonial government, when negotiations were opened with them with the view of putting an end to a long and bloody contest, that teachers might be sent among them, such as those who had dwelt among the tame Hottentots at Gnadenthal. "History," says the historian of the mission, "probably furnishes few parallel examples of a savage people, in treaty with a Christian power, making it one of the conditions of peace, that missionaries should be sent to instruct them in Christianity."—(Natural History of Man, p. 524.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November 22d, 1848.

FRANCE undergoes now the throes and spasms of the canvass for the office of president of the republic. It is difficult to suppose that the increasing rancor and violence of the parties will not beget a sanguinary struggle. The London editors have taken sides as if the affair belonged to them, like a competition for the representation of Yorkshire. You will have remarked that the Times favors Cavaignac, while the Morning Chronicle inveighs against him in the bitterest spirit and terms. *La Presse* translates, of course, the diatribes of the Chronicle, which are as urgent as they are impertinent and licentious. The interference of the London press in French concerns is of old date, and has worked incalculable mischief on this side of the channel. Its partisan and reckless spirit has been carried often to a degree which might be termed diabolical. Lord Brougham mentions, in his late publication, that Louis Philippe imputed to it many of the difficulties and much of the fatal end of his government. In thus aggravating French disorders, the British interlopers prepare dangers for their own country. The Standard begins a long malignant article as follows:—"We take very little interest in the affairs of France." Every day, however, there is a copious effusion of gall. Why all the cynical and elaborate irony of the Times, touching the promulgation of the French constitution? I have witnessed in Paris a great number of public ceremonials; the one in question struck me as the best conceived and arranged, and the most solemn and impressive. With weather so excessively inclement, the display of a hundred thousand troops, chiefly national guards, early in the morning, perfectly equipped; the vast concourse of citizens, before noon, on the *Place de la Concorde*, and the marked universal interest of both multitudes in the occasion, were really wonderful; the whole scene was noble and beautiful, not forgetting the procession of seven or eight hundred of the clergy, which was honored with proper feeling and manifestation.

The guards and the line defiled for three hours before General Cavaignac and the Assembly. If there was but little enthusiasm of the lungs, the driving sleet and cutting north-easter account for that circumstance; we could observe no indication of ill-humor or indifference. The constitution was placed under the auspices of religion, represented by its regular ministers, acting their part with pious and patriotic earnestness; the uncertainty of its fate occupied the thoughts and affected the spirits of the reflecting spectators; not a single indecorum or incongruity happened.

The second celebration took place on Sunday last. It was equally free from disorder. The weather proved excellent. The four monster concerts for the people, *gratis*, had monster audiences; by six o'clock in the evening, hundreds of thousands of merry folks were repairing to the *Champs Elysées*, for the illumination and fire-works. The

concourse of all classes and ages, and of both sexes, was immense. We did not find the pyrotechnics equal to the semi-annual exhibition under the monarchy; but the illumination from the *Place de la Concorde* to the Triumphant Arch could not be exceeded in brilliancy, taste, and picturesque *ensemble*. About half past eleven, two eminent French savants came to my apartment from the Hotel-de-Ville, where they were guests at the banquet of three hundred covers, given by the prefect of the department of the Seine. They related that the feast was magnificent; the members of the executive branch—the presidents of the different committees of the Assembly—the bishops and their vicars—and twenty invited workmen of the corporations—along with a number of the elect of the colleges and learned societies—formed an imposing convocation, who demeaned themselves as became the laudable purpose of the authorities.

Some of the disaffected journals are angry with the republican prefect for having used china belonging to the national manufactory at Sevres, so precious that Louis Philippe and his two predecessors never ventured to have it brought to their tables. A few of the public edifices were illuminated; no private dwellings; the dome of the Hotel-de-Ville radiated gloriously for a couple of hours; what caused the extinction of the lamps so soon, we could not tell. A critic says—"In the last week of February and the first fortnight of March, the *gamins* and blackguards, as they paraded the streets at nights, had but to raise the cry of *lamps!* and we all quickly lighted our windows; the police should have hired boys to break a few dark windows, here and there; a general blaze of the streets would have ensued; the next day's *Moniteur* could have commemorated the spontaneous enthusiasm of the inhabitants." The military posts were doubled, and all the barracks supplied with a fresh stock of ammunition; the *Gloria in excelsis* resounded in the principal churches; all the theatres were open at night without charge; to enter, however, it was necessary to obtain tickets from a mayor's office; these were sold at very low prices, at the doors, by the poorer applicants fortunate enough to share in the distribution.

The visitors whom I mentioned above had been annoyed by the hissing and hooting of the mob about the Hotel-de-Ville at each arrival for the banquet. A quarter of an hour ago, in passing the *Place Vendôme*, ($\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 o'clock,) I got into the midst of a throng of some thousands awaiting before the *Hotel du Rhin*, the egress of Louis Napoleon in his modest and low carriage. His coachman did not pass through without great difficulty and delay; well-dressed women almost clung to the wheels and harness; well-dressed men threw up their hats and shouted *Vive Napoleon!* *Vive l'Empereur!* This is a foretaste of what will be furnished over the capital, the day after his election, in case he should succeed. The representatives will shake in their shoes.

A few days ago, a part of my family were at the church of Saint Roch, when their attention was engaged by a quite dramatic incident, reminding them of the opening of the *Muette de Portici*. Near the altar, a priest had begun to join a "happy couple," attended by a fine company of both sexes; a young and handsome woman forced her way through the group, reached the bridegroom, and put forward a child she brought in her arms, saying, "Sir, will you dare to deny your daughter before the sacred altar, as you have basely done before the mother, elsewhere." The priest and attendants looked aghast; the man protested that he knew neither woman nor child; she was carried off immediately by the police-officers, and the ceremony concluded. According to the newspapers, she has adduced a promise of marriage and a correspondence sufficient to warrant the affiliation. Public curiosity has a new aliment in the *female* banquets, political and social: Enclosed is an account of one of them—a fair specimen. Their motto is from the writings of a socialist oracle. "The social individual means man and woman." Proudhon informs us that soon all the socialist banquets will be composed of the two sexes. Some sublime metaphysician, like Leroux, is chosen to preside along with the ladies of his school, whose writings or speeches have earned them distinction. Passages from Condorcet, Godwin & Co. are first recited; then come the toasts, enforced by harangues, of the utmost boldness and latitude of doctrine. Four hundred ladies (*dames*) "of the different classes of society" figured at the banquet of the 19th inst.; one of them expatiated on the extent and causes of prostitution. It appears that female democratic clubs and banquets are common in Germany. Severe strictures are passed on them in some of our journals. The *Union* says:—

What, women also! women at table and toasting, like drunkards, all kinds of emancipation! Surely that cannot be possible; that passes the bounds of the burlesque, and yet nothing, however, is more true. The matrons of socialism, the blue-stockings of the Montagne, the free-thinkers of demagogical tendencies, determined on having, in their turn, their meeting, and whilst the men were drinking at the Château Rouge, the women drew out the corks freely enough at the Barrière du Maine. Progress or decadency are your effects! The softer portion of the human race dishonoring their crown for a bottle of 12 sous wine! the feeble and timid being, the angel of love given by God to man as an intermediate step between earth and himself, dipping its white wings in a cup of Argenteuil or Suresnes! And that is called progress! No, say rather that it is called emancipation in the worst sense of the word. Are we not far enough now from those patriarchal days when our wives, mothers, and sisters, were simple or ridiculous enough to live at home like good housewives, when it might be said of them, as of the women of Rome, she remained at home and span! Our modern revolutions have changed all that! Our domestic hearths have lost in part their guardian angels, but we possess on the other hand the socialist matron.

Complaint is preferred that the police prevent the

hawking of journals after eleven at night. There is, however, an evident relaxation of vigilance or rigor in regard to placards, caricatures, loose sheets, clubs, and banquets. This may be electioneering policy for the moment. Louis Bonaparte is chiefly assailed in the caricatures. The workmen and minor artists of the capital are intoxicated by the flattery of the demagogues. They are taught that they have been chosen to regenerate, enlighten, and rule the world, and they have come to this belief. Lamennais has just explained to them, in an address, how they form a part of the Godhead. *Le Chant des Travailleurs*, akin to the famous English *Song of the Spirit*, closes their banquets, and infuriates them for both internal and external war. It is sold, at a cent, at every corner. Nothing can surpass the activity and sagacity of the socialists and anarchists, generally, in proselytizing, combining, training, journalizing, and spreading committees and missionaries throughout the country. They have obstreperous echoes in every provincial town of any importance. At the same time, though their doctrines and promises rapidly increase their forces, they are but a very small minority in relation to the whole population of France. Fortunately, the enormities in theory and deed, and in the characters of the agents of the revolution, from 1790 to 1796, have left a profound impression on the French mind; what the present mountain glorifies and recommends to imitation is generally execrated; but the inordinacies and results of the imperial era, though remembered and acknowledged, do not excite the same or any repugnance either with the masses or the majority of the best educated and circumstanced orders. The martial exploits and glory, the pomp and power of the despotism, and the comparative domestic quiet and security, accord with the national temperament and habits; there is less chance, therefore, for revived Jacobinism, however audacious, adroit, and indefatigable, than for Napoleonism, supposed to be its antidote. If it should prevail in Paris, it will be soon crushed by the weight of the provinces. Meanwhile, the ravages of *socialism*, in the understanding and souls of the operatives and the *prolétaires*, of every description, in the cities, are truly fearful. A private letter of Berryer, the celebrated legitimist orator and statesman, has just been divulged, of which I shall proceed to quote some paragraphs, as from a high authority and patriotism.

As to M. Louis Bonaparte, his future conduct, the system he will pursue, the character and tendencies of the men he will call around him, if he become president, all is involved in obscurity. All is vague and confused, in the medley of popular opinion, which appears to assure the success of this candidate. It is the illusion of memory;—it is not the expression of hope. But is it possible for us to adopt, under this form, and this individuality, the protest (such as this adoption really is) against our present rulers, by the immense majority of the French nation? I have not thought so. I have assembled a great number of my political friends. Agreeing with the majority among them, I have

expressed the opinion that it was necessary to indicate to honest men, to the friends of order, the protectors of France, whatever party they might have formerly espoused, a candidate who was neither M. Cavaignac with his exclusive republicanism, nor M. Bonaparte with his utter want of capacity and our ignorance of his meaning and designs.

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death." There is no doubt that if Bonaparte be elected the republicans of the eve, as they style themselves, will not yield the ground or the sceptre to him, but will resist him by every means in their power. If Cavaignac should carry the day, the proscriptive ideas of the men to whom he is attached, and *who rule him*, will still domineer and lower over the country. The vanquished Napoleonists will raise tumults and tempests by the blasts of the popular favor for them, repelled by the influence of our present government.

How is it possible to be otherwise than profoundly afflicted, when we behold this great country, France, where the immense majority are animated with the same thoughts, the same wishes, and the same need, yet remain mute and impotent, allowing herself to be kept down by a minority notoriously inefficient for the restoration of order or of the national prosperity and confidence?

A serious schism exists between the strict socialists, and the party of the *Mountain*, rather from jealousy of domination than any difference in revolutionary tenets and ultimate purposes. Proudhon wages ruthless war, in his paper, on the mountain, as constituted in the Assembly. Raspail is the presidential candidate of socialism, Ledru-Rollin of the other fierce faction. The most furious anarchists are with Proudhon, who, a member of the Assembly, visits the prisoners at Vincennes, and concerts with them the management of their political interests. How the government tolerate such a conspiracy against itself and all legal order, is inconceivable. Both factions, however, discern the necessity of compromise and league for their common ends, and the chiefs of the mountain, in particular, devise daily expedients, and seem disposed to the largest amount of concession. In the evening of the 21st, about four thousand persons are supposed to have attended in the vast hall of the Montesquieu club, in order to debate the comparative merits of Raspail and Rollin. A workman railed at Ledru as an ambitious traitor and mortal enemy of the socialists; his invectives begot utter confusion and universal uproar, which lasted some twenty minutes. One of his friends, a representative from the mountain, at length made himself heard: he cited a speech of Ledru, of 1841, wherein the oppressed and suffering people were likened to Christ persecuted and immolated on the cross; finally, he exclaimed, "O people, if Louis Bonaparte be elected no power will remain but your sinews to rescue us from monarchy." Frantic applause ratified this appeal. Ledru-Rollin seemed, by the cries, to be reinstated in favor. Another orator, more influential, assailed the man of the Mountain anew; he exalted Raspail as having passed half his life in conspiracies and prisons, and ended thus: "Ledru-Rollin flinched in March, when with a hundred thousand workmen ready to second

him, he could have prostrated the provisional government; we must go ahead, we must realize, not the periods of the Girondins and the Dantons alone, but of the sublime epoch of Robespierre." The club rallied to Raspail; at nine o'clock the police squadrons were obliged to disperse the tumultuous mob out of doors; the shopkeepers shut up in a trice.

Paris, 23d November, 1848.

OUR destiny is alarm and peril of constant recurrence. It seems to be a fatality with the present executive branch to create as much agitation and danger as possible. Tumult and animosities in the Assembly are the worst events for the public peace and trust. All the disaffected and headlong classes, and the plotting cabals, patent and secret, are inspired with fresh emotion and hope; the moderate and loyal majority experience additional discouragement and panic. General Cavaignac's restless and athletic foe, Girardin, the editor of *La Presse*, digested from the three quartos of the report on the causes and circumstances of the insurrection of June last, a formal impeachment of the conduct of the general, as minister of war, on that occasion; the minister was accused of allowing the insurrection to augment and fortify itself, unmolested, for eleven or twelve hours, and that in order to overthrow the executive commission, and render necessary his own elevation to a dictatorship. The impeachment rested mainly on extracts skillfully adjusted from the official testimony of four or five members of the commission; it was first inserted in *La Presse*, and then showered, in a separate speech, on every one of the departments, as well as in every quarter of the capital. Charges of the kind abounded soon after the emission of the volumes; but the general kept a disdainful silence; the competition for the presidentship did not press his sides; the resentments of the executive commission lurked. As soon as Napoleon loomed, four of the gentlemen betrayed opposition to Cavaignac in various modes. His friends then conceived it fully time for him to demand or provoke an investigation of the whole case, in the house; the activity of his enemies, the personal consideration of the members of the commission, and the nature of the imputations, left him no alternative. The conduct of all parties must be fairly and amply examined, ascertained, and judged, they being confronted on the highest and most imposing theatre. Accordingly, on the 21st inst., (Tuesday,) the general, under visible excitement, pronounced this speech:—

Citizen representatives, there is no one amongst you that is ignorant that the colleague to whom you have delegated the executive government has been the object of numerous attacks and reiterated calumnies. So long as those attacks were made under names which do not belong to this Assembly, I considered it my duty to remain silent and indifferent. If I thought proper, for the sake of a personal feeling, to repulse these calumnies, I should have deferred it to another period, when I

should not have stood in the position in which you have thought fit to place me. (Hear, hear, on some of the benches.) But within the last few days the names of some of our colleagues have been mixed up with these attacks, and have given support to the accusations; I have waited some days that they might have time to contradict them. Their silence, however, compels me to broach the question. I beg the Assembly to fix for Thursday next the interpellations which I shall have to address to these colleagues; and I beg those to whom I allude, and who have been called on by name, to reply to me. I shall demand of MM. Garnier-Pagès, Duclerc, Pagnerre, and Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who have been pointed out, and there may be still others, whether, either in private conversations, or by communications, they have authorized those attacks in their name? If there should be a denial on their part, no discussion will take place between them and myself. Nevertheless, even although they should not have been guilty of what I say, I confess I shall be eager (*avide*) for the discussion. If I have been silent for the last five months, I beg the Assembly to be convinced that I have only refrained from speaking, and that in opposition to the advice of my personal and political friends, out of respect for it.

The four representatives named rose to complain of the libels which they had undergone, and to signify their eagerness to satisfy the challenge of the president of the council, for mutual and complete explanations. It had become inevitable that the truth, the whole truth, should be solemnly disclosed. It was objected, that neither Marie, the minister of justice, nor M. de Lamartine, who were members of the commission, could be present on Thursday, as they were absent from Paris. Ledru-Rollin, glad to fan the flame, and himself a party to the trial, insisted on having those gentlemen. Monday was at first proposed in lieu of this day: Cavaignac and his ministers, declared that they would vote against all postponement. The house fixed on Saturday, the day after tomorrow.

The strongest agitation on the floor and in the galleries, accompanied and followed this episode. Until after Saturday, no real business can be earnestly transacted. Lamartine is summoned from his electioneering campaign, by telegraph: a mighty and desperate strife between the three candidates—the General, the Poet, and Ledru-Rollin, now the idol of the mountain. The abettors of Napoleon hope to profit by the whole elucidation or crimination and recrimination. The *National* of this morning (the organ of the Cavaignac party) observes, that the general meant, in apostrophizing the commission, merely, "Your testimony has been cited against me; let us inquire what it really is; we do not accuse each other; we shall explain simply, for the sake of both sides; and in order to baffle the common enemy and the foes of the republic." Owing to this affair, the public funds declined yesterday.

Most of the Paris prints of this day contain articles on the steamer—intelligence of the almost certain election of General Taylor: satisfaction is professed, though not in terms so joyous as we

find in the London journals of the day before yesterday. This London jubilation is noticed by the French editors, and variously interpreted. You will be struck with this palinode of the Times:

General Taylor's military reputation it is not our business to exalt. The Mexican war was no concern of ours, but it was impossible not to admire the daring, the hardihood, and the skill of an invasion, conducted into the heart of a distant country, under a tropical climate, with an army of volunteers, and carried to the metropolis and last citadel of the empire. But General Taylor has better qualifications for government than these. His speeches, his letters, and his whole conduct show him to be a gentleman, a man of temper, of conciliatory habits, and good sense. The humanity, of which he has given many proofs in his military career, has been equally conspicuous, though doubtless equally tried, in the field of political warfare. The mild tone of the general's addresses shows that he can spare his fellow-citizens as well as his foes, and respect feelings as well as life and property.

During the Mexican war, the Times spared neither "the invasion" nor the man.

The *National* dwells, to-day, on the *bellicose* import of the candidatureship of Louis Napoleon, and the alarm raised abroad on that account. The death of *Ibrahim Pacha* (Mehemet Ali, if alive, being entirely superannuated) must resuscitate an Egyptian question, momentous enough, between France and Great Britain, with the Sublime Porte and Russia as parties deeply concerned. Our radical organs predict a horrible conflict in Germany—sure to involve France—besides desperate hostilities in Italy. The atrocious murder of Rossi, the pope's chief minister, and unequalled auxiliary, cannot fail to aggravate the tendencies to riot at Rome. This victim to revolutionary fanaticism enjoyed, from the superiority of his books and lectures, the highest reputation as a political economist; he was greatly valued in the ex-French chamber of peers, of which he was a most useful member: Louis Philippe stationed him at Rome, as ambassador; on the revolution of February, he resigned, and engaged in the service of his own country, Italy, with principles of moderate liberalism, abundant administrative knowledge, and perfect address as a diplomatist and cabinet luminary. A personal acquaintance confirmed the impressions which I received from his writings and speeches.

According to the reports from the interior of France, the solemn proclamation of the new constitution had a frigid reception in most of the provinces. Cries of *Vive Napoleon* drowned the few correspondent to the occasion. In many parts, when the peasantry first heard of his candidatureship, they ejaculated, "We knew that the emperor was not dead." The circulars of the archbishops and bishops touching the constitution and the approaching election, indicate, generally, a preference for Cavaignac, though two prelates and several curates in the National Assembly have informed the public, in the newspapers, that citizen Bishop Fayet, whose address I mentioned last

week, was not authorized to assert their concurrence in his adhesion. The *Moniteur* of this morning, announces, officially, that the cross of the Legion of Honor has been bestowed on the Archbishop of Paris, and several others of the higher clergy. Two bloodless duels, of consequence as to the personages, were fought yesterday in the Bois des Boulogne. See the enclosed paragraphs. To judge from the face of Goudchaux, the ex-minister of finance, who met a famous general of divisions, an old and zealous monarchist—he is a good, jolly fellow, a valiant trencher-man, who could have borne neither inclination nor malice to the field of *honor*. The *Journal des Débats* of this day, treats, copiously, of the Prussian question. It opines that both the assembly and the king are in the wrong, and that the quarrel must be settled by the Frankfurt Assembly, “which represents social order and public peace in Germany.” The Prussian *Moniteur* of the 20th inst. ably defends the king and ministry. Their strong measures are said to have been occasioned by certain information of an intended proclamation, on the 14th inst., of the republic, by the democratic clubs and a majority of the assembly. We cannot satisfactorily collect from the endless stories from Germany, whether the majority of the nations, Austrian and Prussian, are in favor of the monarchs or the assemblies. Kings and people punish each other for their several excesses. The moderate liberal party are far the most numerous in the councils of the Helvetic Union. A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 7th, says:—

The emperor has just ordered that sixty thousand acres of land, situated in the provinces of Ekatherinoslaw and the Tauride, shall be distributed gratuitously to the Jews, whom the government has compelled to leave the western frontiers of European Russia.

Paris, 30th Nov., 1843.

You were informed, in my last epistle, that Saturday last was fixed for the investigation which General Cavaignac claimed, of his conduct as minister of war during the insurrection of the month of June. Fear was widely entertained of serious disorders both within and without the Assembly. The military precautions nearly equalled those of any day before that epoch; admission to the galleries was never more eagerly sought. Two of my acquaintances inform me that, of one, ninety francs were asked for a ticket, and a hundred and twenty of the other, near the gates of the palace of the Assembly. Parties of the sovereign people roused the porters at midnight, on Friday, demanding instant access to the upper gallery; it required the appearance of a strong military guard to defeat their importunity.

You will find, in a paper which I send you, an English version—a mere abstract—of the important, the memorable debate. Much curious historical information is to be collected from it; and every reader must share, though with such imper-

fect material—in the admiration of the Assembly for Cavaignac's intellectual powers, then first adequately exhibited in the tribune. His enemies of the anarchical press admit that he proved himself “an orator-tactician of the highest order.” He had often spoken well, but briefly; and sometimes in an awkward and unsatisfactory way. On this occasion, he pursued his defence for three hours; perfectly self-possessed; with the most lucid order and cogent dialectics, and, now and then, the happiest irony. Three distinguished representatives inflexibly opposed to his election as president, who happened to be in my parlor the evening after, acknowledged to me that, with respect to mental faculties, he grew many cubits in their estimation, by his wonderful achievement in the tribune. He delighted the majority, not merely by acquitting himself far better than they could hope, but by breaking utterly with the party of the *mountain*, and with their chief, Ledru-Rollin, in particular. The Assembly gave him a complete triumph by renewing the declaration in their decree of the 28th June—that he had deserved well of his country. The Archbishop of Paris occupied, during the whole sitting of eleven hours, a seat in the box of the president of the Assembly. This whole matter is well-treated by the *London Times*. Both the galleries and the house were sadly disappointed in not hearing speeches from Lamartine and Arago, members of the executive commission whom Cavaignac was accused of having betrayed, in order to supplant them at once. Their silence is ascribed to their reluctance to abet any hostilities on a man whose good faith they could not dispute, and whose good repute and good will they know to be necessary to the republic. Every one is aware that a very large portion of the votes which will be given to his rival, Louis Napoleon, are founded on the idea of the overthrow of all republicanism.

The canvass for the four or five candidates is prosecuted with incredible exertion, intrigue and animosity. It is impossible to predict as yet, with certainty, whether Napoleon or Cavaignac will succeed with the nation; if the election devolve on the Assembly, the general will have a majority already assured. Each has published an exposition of his principles and purposes; clear and comprehensive, and adapted to satisfy the votaries of social order, and stable, free government. Their programmes are enclosed. If we escape a sanguinary convulsion (the sequel expected on all hands) we shall be more or less content with either chief, or with any system other than that of the socialists and the red republic.

I am recording personal anecdotes, and collecting authentic materials, for a chapter on this unexampled struggle for votes. You shall have it by the middle of January. A digest of the debates of the Assembly on the budget is also my design. They abound with curious facts, doctrines and episodes.

The sum asked for the war-department—four hundred and thirty-two millions of francs—was

voted on Tuesday, in the space of an hour, and with little heed—the presidential question absorbing all concern. The minister detailed a plan amounting to an entire revolution in the constitution of the army, and by which a hundred and forty or fifty millions may be annually saved. The chairman of the committee on finance declared that the inevitable alternative for the country was a considerable reduction of the army or fiscal ruin; M. Fould, a representative of high authority on the subject, would not affirm that the condition of the finances was desperate, but he was convinced of the indispensableness of the most rigid curtailment and economy. No existing tax, not even the salt, can be foregone. The executive proclaims that it is resolved to maintain the strictest neutrality with reference to Spanish politics and contests. The French cruisers on the coast of Africa are not to be less than fifteen. They have experienced a dreadful mortality. The new federal government of Switzerland is happily and fully organized. Marshal Bugeaud—Napoleon Bertrand, (son of the defunct general,) and Marshal Ney's eldest son—all Bonapartists—are elected to the National Assembly. The tribunals in Paris, that act as grand juries, have decided that there is no sufficient ground for bringing the ministers of Louis Philippe to trial. They may return from their voluntary banishment. The present heads of the department are so busy that they cannot hold their *soirées* this week. It is averred and believed that if the red republic should master this capital, the national guards of the provinces and a part of the army will unite, under the command of Bugeaud, to deal with Paris as Vienna and Berlin have been disciplined. On the affairs of France, Germany and Naples the London Times deserves to be consulted, preferably to any other journal whatever. The Chronicle *libels* Cavaignac.

A late number of the *Moniteur Universel* contains a very good biographical sketch, by *Reveillé-Parise*, of the famous Dr. Quesnay, almost the founder of political economy in France—a skilful surgeon and a trusted physician. According to the biographer, (himself of the faculty,) we owe the Gregorian Calendar to a Doctor Libo, an inhabitant of Rome, who was alike eminent in medicine and the mathematics.

We are struck with the merits of the discourse of the Mayor of Boston, with an honored name, at the noble celebration of the introduction of pure water into that city. The four millions of dollars were indeed rightly applied. How different this celebration, and this expenditure, from the pompous military festivals which we witness in the French capital! We are gratified also with the sensible and well-worded address of Mr. Donelson, the American Envoy at Frankfort, to the Grand Vicar of the Germanic Empire. The *Moniteur Universel*, of the 21st inst., is enriched with Professor Frank's Notice of the Life and Political and Social System of the Abbé Mably. The able professor proves that the system is but the social-

ism or communism of the present day; his strictures are equally just and valuable. I have shown to him the remarkable letter of John Adams to Mably, of which the French version is placed at the end of the first volume of the *Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America* against the attack of Turgot—a work to be still esteemed as a master-piece of historical and political erudition and orthodox tenet and reasoning. On his arrival in Paris, in 1782, Mr. Adams was informed that the abbé meant to write on the American Revolution, and asked of him facts and memorials. His letter was a compliance with this request. He, however, had no faith in the abbé's competency; he observes, in the preface, "We ought to be obliged to any gentleman in Europe who will favor us with his thoughts; but in general, the theory of government is as well understood in America as in Europe; and by great numbers of individuals, in everything relating to a free constitution, infinitely better comprehended than by the Abbé de Mably or M. Turgot, learned and ingenious as they were." I quote these sentences because they might be applied, with twofold justness, to the present period; it is my belief that not one of the men who took part in the formation or discussion of the French scheme, just promulgated, succeeded in the endeavor, which most of them made, to comprehend thoroughly our national and federal system. Not one speech, sufficiently comprehensive, lucid, philosophical and practical, was delivered on their own work. Neither as a framer nor expounder, is any member of the Assembly to be compared with either of the writers of the *Federalist*. In *The Almanach de la République Française*, just issued, there is an article of M. de Tocqueville, entitled, *All Honest Labor is Honorable*. He remarks, "In the United States opinion is not against, but in favor of, the dignity of labor. There, a rich man feels constrained by public opinion to devote his leisure to some industrial or commercial business, or some public duties. He would expect to fall into disrepute if he passed his life only in living. It is in order to escape this obligation to work, that so many rich Americans come to Europe; here, they find fragments of aristocratic society, among whom it is yet creditable to do nothing or have nothing to do." I trust that M. de Tocqueville is right as to what passes in the United States; but I am sure that he does injustice to the majority of the rich Americans who visit Europe. Their object, in general, is liberal travel; the gratification of liberal tastes; the improvement of their children; health, curiosity, or the enjoyment of the diversified luxury of the great capitals of this quarter of the world. Opinion cannot be so proscriptive on your side of the Atlantic. Most of the rich travellers, moreover, have worked abundantly at home, in acquiring their wealth.

The transactions of the Academy of Sciences, on the 20th inst., have not special interest or importance. Mercury's transit across the sun's disc was the subject of several reports. Details were furnished from the Paris Observatory. The ob-

server at Dax announced that he saw, during the transit, particular spots moving over the sun's disc, quite differently from the usual movement of the solar spots of which astronomers have studied the course. It is supposed that false appearances may have been occasioned by an imperfect instrument. At the previous sitting of the Academy, Dureau de la Malle read a paper of observations on the hours of waking and singing of eight species of day-light birds, in May and June, 1846. For the thirty years past, in spring and summer, this savant has regularly gone to bed at seven o'clock, P. M., and risen at midnight; he kept his study windows open, over his garden; the birds became familiar with their friend, and built their nests about the windows, within his inspection. In June, the tom-tit and the black-bird began to sing at half-past two o'clock—an hour and a half earlier than their custom: the philosopher found that their young were just hatched, and that the motive of this change was to have more and better time to procure food for their young, by the moonlight; they alighted at once on the sward and walks, and eagerly picked up the insects they could distinguish. The quails did the same. The Abbé Rendu has submitted a new memoir on the adoption of a first meridian for all the inhabitants of the globe.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences have appointed their perpetual secretary, Mignet, to deliver the eulogy of Rossi, the murdered minister, who was a member of the academy. So able a writer as the historian of the French Revolution cannot fail to render the fate of his eminent colleague a powerful text against the savage anarchy which becomes, in Europe, the distinguishing feature of this era. Bixio, an Italian by birth, who belonged to extreme *carbonarism*, and having been naturalized as a Frenchman, was elected to the National Assembly as a zealous republican of the eve, interrogated the executive, on the 28th inst., concerning the recent occurrences in Italy. He said—

It is, I conceive, impossible to deny that a spirit of anarchy has seized on the middle districts of Italy, whilst the north is under the domination of Austria. A faction which appears to consider excesses alone as the end of its policy—a demagogic faction, in fact, (murmurs on the left,) has brought about this state of things. Whole cities have fêted a base assassination—Rome has just been the theatre of disastrous disorders. The popedom has been insulted and trampled under foot by those very persons to whom it was an anchor of safety. This act is of a nature not only to throw that city into a lamentable state of disturbance, but to offend the religious belief of a great part of Europe, and by possibility to lead to a rupture of the general peace.

No one doubts—although the contrary is conjectured in some letters from Rome—that the assassination of Rossi was premeditated. The Archbishop of Paris has issued a very emphatic circular, denouncing the outrages on the pope, and the dangers to the church and to civilization. He instructs the curates to put up prayers for Pius—

pro summo pontifice. In the Assembly, the mountain was obstreperously wroth at the blame cast by Bixio on the revolutionary excesses at Rome. These have excited a strong sensation in the moderate political circles. The executive took immediate advantage of the circumstances and the feeling, with a view, as the opposition journals assert, to win more of the Catholic clergy, and the pious of their flocks, for Cavaignac's candidatureship. On the 28th, he spoke as follows:—

We have to thank the Assembly for the forbearance which it has manifested towards us with respect to our intervention in the affairs of Lombardy. I have to state that the negotiations are going on—that as soon as it was possible, after the outbreak at Vienna, to apply to a regular government, we insisted on the necessity of a prompt solution being given to the Italian question. This representation has been attended to, and I hope soon to be able to state that some determination has been come to on the subject.—(Hear, hear.) As to the question of Rome, it was only the day before yesterday (Sunday) that an official despatch informed us of what had taken place there, and on the same day we sent orders to Marseilles and Toulon to have 3,500 men embarked on board steamers lying there, for the purpose of proceeding, without delay, to Civita Vecchia.—(Hear, hear.) In addition, M. de Corcelles has been sent to Rome as envoy extraordinary. We did not wait, in order to do this, to take the orders of the Assembly on the question. In the first place, the case appeared of exceeding urgency, and next we believed that we were acting altogether in unison with the wishes of the Assembly.—(Hear, hear.) We reserved to ourselves merely to come here afterwards and state what we had done, feeling convinced that we should obtain your approbation.

A large majority warmly applauded his ideas and measures. M. de Corcelles is an ex-deputy of the left, and a near connection of the Lafayette family, who all adhere to the general. He has a sound judgment and sound sentiments. The Telegraph bore this phrase—"Christian France will not abandon the head of the church." Cavaignac submitted interesting despatches from the Duke d'Harcourt, the French ambassador at Rome, who writes—"The unfortunate pope is gentleness itself; he had a hundred Swiss only as a parade-guard for his palace." Musketry was discharged into the windows and cannon planted at the doors. The secretary of the pontiff, killed by a musket ball, was one of the most learned and pious men of the age. Napoleon observed, that his harsh measures with the pope cost him more than the loss of ten battles would have done; the revolutionary zealots at Rome will have reason, probably, to say even more. Our anarchical organs extol the conduct of the Roman mob; reprobate and deride the intervention of their government, and predict the total destruction of the Roman theocracy. *La République*, of which from 40 to 50,000 copies are printed daily, holds this language: "We have no longer need of Moses, Christ or Mahomet; revelations are now made through the people. Oreb and Sinai are at Paris and Rome; there the

true sovereigns pronounce and execute their decrees. The old republican sentiment, revived at Rome, has inflicted condign sentence on the Vatican. Let there be the closest sympathy and league between the democracies of the two capitals," &c.

Our atmosphere is quite vernal; the garden of the Tuileries as green as in May.

30th November.

There are several more articles in the journals of this day on the contest for the presidency of the republic, but only one that appears to us of sufficient interest for extract. It is from the *Débats*. The arguments are reasonable, and the tone of the article is calm and tranquillizing. Whatever may be the result of the contest, says the *Débats*, the preponderance of the moderate party has become evident. This is shown by the ground taken by the two leading candidates in their claims to support. We think we may add to what the *Débats* says on this subject, another consideration of a nature to tranquillize the public mind. Both candidates have been assailed from the same source, and both are pledged alike to the cause of order. The declaration of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on this point is clear and explicit, and that of General Cavaignac is equally unequivocal. One has said that if the election go against him, he will bow respectfully to the decision of the majority, and give his cordial support to another, in carrying out the principles which they have both proclaimed. General Cavaignac has said that if he should not be elected, he will not be the less zealous in the defence of those principles, and that the republic may command his services whether as a soldier, a public functionary, or a citizen. Thus, then, all attempt by the discomfited of either of these great parties will be impossible. With equal readiness, and, we trust, with equal sincerity, they pledge themselves to the maintenance of order, the protection of property, and an unflinching hostility to those subversive doctrines, which would be alarming, if there were division among the well-disposed, but which must be harmless, if the friends of order remain united in the cause of right.

The Viscount d'Arlinecourt appeared before the court of Assizes, to answer the accusation of having published a work, called *Dieu le Veut*, and M. Jeanne, a dealer in objects of art, and M. Garnier, a bookseller, were accused of having sold the publication. The indictment charged that the work, which was of a strong legitimist tendency, contained numerous passages exciting to a change in the form of government and to civil war, attacking the republican institutions and the sovereignty of the people. Among the extracts on which the public prosecutor relied as bearing out the indictment, were some in which the evils of the republic were strongly dwelt on, and the Duke de Bordeaux clearly indicated as the savior of the country. The attack on the republican institutions consisted in this passage:—"Vive la République!" people cried in Paris at the moment at which they were slaying each other. It is like the sick man in delirium, who, in a country ravaged by a horrible malady, should cry, "Vive la peste!" The attack on the sovereignty of the people was contained in a pas-

sage in which that sovereignty was declared to be a "ridiculous deception when not a bloody fact." M. Fontaine (d'Orleans) defended M. d'Arlinecourt in a long and eloquent speech, in which, after giving the biography of his client, and admitting that he was not, and never would be, a republican, he showed that some of the laws which M. d'Arlinecourt was accused of violating, had been passed for the defence of Louis Philippe and his family. Two learned gentlemen having pleaded for the other defendants, M. d'Arlinecourt addressed the court, and insisted that he had not excited to civil war or revolt. He was interrupted in the middle of his speech by loud cries of "Bravo! bravo!" and prolonged applause. The president having summed up, the jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of acquittal, which was received by a crowded auditory with enthusiastic shouts.

THE Egyptian government has issued an extraordinary document forbidding the wailing of women at funerals, and their congregating at the cemeteries. Amongst other things it says:—

"Any woman who has met with a misfortune, and on that account beats her face and rends her garment, will surely fare as the wife of Lot, and be deprived of all hope of good; and any woman mourning the death of any man, except her husband, more than three days, God will certainly cause her good deeds to perish, and she will be forever in the fire; and any woman making lamentations for a dead person belonging to her, God will certainly make her tongue the length of seventy cubits, and she will be raised from amongst the dead to the last judgment-seat with a black face, blue eyes and the locks of her hair stretched out to her feet. The lifting of voices at funerals is to be abhorred, even if it be the enunciation of the name of God or reciting the Koran. The visiting of tombs by women is unlawful, because it is for the purpose of reviving grief, weeping and lamentation. Every woman who visits tombs is cursed by every green thing and every dry thing which she passes; she will be subject to the anger and enmity of God until the same time on the following morning, and if she dies immediately, she will be one of the people of the fire. It is better for women to sit at home than to go and pray at the mosque."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Tales from Shakspeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With 40 illustrations. New York: Francis & Co.

This well-known work has long been a model for compositions of its class. Though intended originally for children, it is written with a purity of style, and informed throughout by a spirit of reverence which may charm readers of every age. The tone is Shaksperian, much of the language of the original being incorporated with the narrative. The volume is not only a suitable introduction to Shakspeare, but a fine discipline for the young mind in the taste, purity and strength of the language. There are very few such volumes which can be furnished for children; and it is an injustice to withhold from boy or girl, Charles and Mary Lamb's "*Tales from Shakspeare.*"—*Lit. World.*

From the Boston Post.

Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New and enlarged edition. Boston: For sale by Redding & Co.

HERE is another volume deserving all possible attention. But though "Oliver" do ask "for more," he will not get it at present. We have had the book on our table for a fortnight, and are obliged, at last, to dismiss it with a few general remarks. But everybody reads or ought to read Holmes. America has nothing just like him; and, from her long catalogue of glories, England produces Tom Hood alone who is at all similar. Hood is great both in smiles and in tears, but his prevailing mood is all absorbing, and he is either all smiles or all tears at any one time. Holmes is as funny in his different way, though by no means so deeply pathetic and startling as the other. In recompense he often produces a delightful mingling of the sad and gay, scarcely found in Hood, and has a marvellous gift, moreover, of sliding from the real to the ideal—beginning with jest and ending with poetry.

Hood's jokes are merely jokes—Holmes' are both jokes and poetry; or, rather, the one mounts so naturally to the other, that fun would seem to be the only legitimate door-step of poesy's temple. Hood has written verse both grave and gay, and, of its kind, such as no man hath written since the world began. Holmes, perhaps, has done nothing so excellent in either strain, but he has uttered many a combination of both, which, if less marked and distinct, on account of that very combination, are yet beautiful exceedingly. Holmes, moreover, as it seems to us, has shown more of the true lyric fire than Hood. His "Old Ironsides" is unsurpassed in the language. Then he has not only more geniality than Hood, but he has it in a very high degree. The reader of Holmes may say to himself—

I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing—
The warm, champagne, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling.

Or, if not exactly this, he feels that the writer *must* be a good, kind, and pleasant fellow. He puts one at his ease in a jiffy, and converses so nicely and easily, that, in faith, the listener is scarcely aware, till afterwards, that he is dropping "pearls and diamonds," which common folks may steal but cannot create. At a distance, Holmes is not so vividly distinct as Hood, but, closely scanned, he has better proportions and a greater number of beauties. No man who has yet put pen to paper, has so ornamented a jest, with ideality, as to make it poetry. No man has written verse more plainly, sincerely, easily, and smoothly. But good as is the expression, the thought still reigns supreme. Holmes has not only an exhaustless fountain of ideas, but his intelligence knows what it wishes to say, and his taste knows how to say it. In a word, there is not a particle of humbug about him. His productions are of no new school or old school; but merely sense, wit, humor, and lofty feeling, illustrated by fancy, and expressed so clearly that he who runs may read and understand.

Great as is the reputation of Holmes in this vicinity, we hardly think it is of the order which he deserves; for Holmes is a greater writer, by far, than he is generally supposed to be. Take away his wit and oddity, and there will yet remain, in the

volume before us, stanzas which none living, either in the old or new world, can excel. "Old Ironsides," strange to say, is not in the collection, but there are "The Sentiment," "A Song of Other Days," "The Punch-bowl," portions of "Urania," "The Dickens Dinner Song," "The Last Leaf," "The Wasp and the Hornet," besides innumerable single lines and phrases in many of the funniest effusions. But, as he himself says,

—Don't you know that people won't employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root!

People are slow to give one man credit for two kinds of greatness. They can readily appreciate the mingled pathos and humor in play and novel, perhaps because the scenes and personages are fictitious and artificial, and, after all, the play or novel is but one thing and the author but one man. But they are hard to believe that a funny man, in *propria persona*, can be a great poet, great on high and noble themes, and still greater in drawing the truest poetry from the most humble, homely, and even comical subjects. To interrupt ourselves, the lines just quoted furnish a fine example of Holmes' peculiar gift. Were one to ransack the world, he would find no better illustration than the last two lines of the meaning of the first two. And though this illustration be merely a potato and its blossom, yet, by some means or other, it has a beauty and dignity of the highest kind. The four lines, together, are among the best of their kind ever produced by their author.

To return. The very "funny" pieces (chiefly old) are first-rate—there is no mistake about that—but we hold that, good as they are, they have done Dr. Holmes more evil than good. Had he not written them he might not have commanded the public ear so readily, but, once commanded, he would have ranked higher with the mass of readers as a true poet. The ease with which the world is deceived for a time, in matters of taste and literature, is proverbial, and we could now point to writers, both in England and America, not having a tithe of the originality, fire, strength and delicacy of Holmes, but who, by queer themes and queerer expressions, have managed to be considered (for a time) as the poets of the day. But these writers are but Infant Roscii—novelty gives them ephemeral eminence—they will soon wane before the genuine Siddonses of literature. Holmes is both a great grave and a great gay writer—he is two gentlemen in one—he is *one* more than his brethren bards, who deal in the grave alone, or at most, in the satirical. He is *one* "beside himself," and because he chance to be more versatile than his neighbors, and at the same time have the knack of doing everything well, he should not, in common sense and justice, be lightly regarded therefor. In reading Holmes' poetry one feels that, in almost every instance, the author has well performed the task set by himself—if defect there be, it is in the task, not in the performance. This is an unusual, but in the present case, a very marked feeling, and speaking volumes for the intelligence and critical power of the artificer. But we have far exceeded our proposed limits, and must merely add that the volume under notice contains about one hundred pages of poetry not in the first edition.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.